

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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OLD AFRICA AND A KING

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THE MAN TRIUMPHANT

A BLIND INVENTOR OF AUSTRALIA

Two Brave People Who Refused
To Go Down in Adversity

DARK EYES AND CLEVER FINGERS

By an Australian Correspondent

Two Australians, of whom their countrymen are very proud, are in England now and their friends are wondering how they fare.

If they pass you in the street you may think "There go two contented people," but you would not guess the fine story of their lives.

Because of his dark glasses and his walking-stick you might see that the tall, dark, stooping man is blind, though even in London traffic we imagine that he walks fearlessly ahead, a light touch on his wife's shoulder. For he is tall and she is little, with round glasses and gentle eyes and a very quiet way of speaking.

These two are Mr and Mrs Everard Brickhill, and Mr Brickhill is Australia's blind inventor.

Courage in Affliction

Twenty-five years ago, when he was a young man, the oculists told Everard Brickhill that he must go blind. "We can do nothing at all for you," they said sadly.

For a while the young man sank into despair, and then he pulled his shoulders back and drove despair from his mind. He determined to find some occupation in which his fingers and not his eyes would serve him.

He had always been fond of inventing things, and he decided to specialise in sprinklers for gardens.

While his eyesight lasted he examined all the existing sprinklers and saw their faults; for they were at best clumsy things. He made his first sprinkler when he was blind. His sensitive fingertips were more accurate than his eyes, and he learned to tell, by sliding his fingers over a screw, whether the thread was an eighth or a sixteenth of an inch or even finer.

A Tantalising Ideal

Men who made his sprinklers learned to respect his visits; he would walk down the foundry, slide his fingers over the metal parts which had been passed by the foreman, and toss a defective part aside; his fingers had found the flaw that eyes had missed.

His sprinklers were a success, but in his mind he one day designed the ideal sprinkler. It was there, tantalising and perfect, before his mind's eye, but because he was blind he could not draw it or make it.

He described his ideal to many engineers, and they cut the brass as they imagined he wished it to be cut. Hundreds were made: never one

Summer Flowers



The old proverb which tells us that Beautiful flowers are soon picked seems to apply to this photograph taken at a nursery at Collingham in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where beautiful summer blooms are being gathered by busy fingers, as seen here.

was right. He came back home one day and told his wife that he would have to allow the sprinkler to be made by the last man who had tried, though it was not quite perfect.

"I can never get what I want," he said.

"Let me try," said Mrs Brickhill.

Her husband shook his head.

"You could never manage it, my dear," he said.

But next morning Mrs Brickhill got some of the brass sprinkler tops in which the slot which had proved so obstinate had to be cut. She bought a drill, a file, and a vice. She pulled her kitchen table to the light and worked all day. In the afternoon she took her husband the sprinkler, cut with the "long narrow slot" and the "short wide slot."

He took it in his hands; he felt it once, he felt it twice.

"It's right," he cried. "Who did it?"

Mrs Brickhill began then to cut these slots. She used a drill 128th part of an inch in diameter: she knew that a

mistake of even a 64th part of an inch would make a difference in the throw of water through the spray; it was hard work, for brass is not easy to cut, but she worked at it steadily.

On an average she made twelve a day, and she kept at it day after day until she had made thousands.

At the end of two years the fame of the sprinkler had spread far over Australia, but her hands ached and her right arm was stiff with neuritis. Then they decided that they must allow the delicate work to be done in a foundry. Even then Mrs Brickhill's work was not finished, for every sprinkler made in the foundry was sent home for her inspection and nothing was put on to the market until she had inspected it and found it to be perfect.

The Brickhills have been twice round Australia with their invention, and now they have taken it to England.

We at home in Australia are wishing them the best of good fortune.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LITTLE POLES

WHAT CAME FROM A LETTER

A Railway Carriage For the
Guide School

NEVER DESPAIR

By Our Correspondent in Poland

C.N. readers have been told many times of the Polish Guides Home at Czorsztyn, similar to our Foxlease, but with the addition of a boarding school for little ones. The school is based on Guide principles. This story of it is sent to us by Poland's Chief Guide.

One day the children came to ask if they might post a letter they had just been writing to the President of Poland. The teacher wanted to know what they had to say to the President, so they produced the letter and read it to her. It ran something like this, addressed to "Dear President":

We heard from our mistress that there are schools in the world which have their own railway coaches and even ships, and the pupils go round the world and learn their lessons in this way.

We, also, would love to have a railway carriage all to ourselves, and we should love to learn Polish geography going about the country seeing the places we are learning about.

Will you please send us a carriage; you must surely have lots of them?

During Evening Prayers

At the end of the letter were the signatures of all the thirty children; even the youngest had signed with the help of the older Guides.

The children were so eager for their letter to be posted at once that the teacher gave her permission for that to be done, thinking it might perhaps amuse the President.

Months passed, and the children waited patiently for an answer. Sometimes during evening prayers a thin childish voice would add "And, Lord, please give us a nice railway carriage." The teachers knew the children had not forgotten, and that they did not despair of their dream coming true.

Happy Tidings

At last a large sealed envelope arrived at the school by post. It looked extremely important. The children opened it, and in it was a letter from the President to say that he was sending a real railway carriage as a present for the school, and would be pleased to pay the expenses of their geographical lessons in this carriage.

The children were delighted beyond bounds. Their carriage is now being fitted specially for them with a large bedroom filled with bunks, a dining-room, and a kitchen. It will be finished for the new school term, and the children have asked that they may first of all go to Warsaw to say "Thank you" to the President.

AN EXPERIMENT UNDER THE FLAG

REMARKABLE STEP FORWARD IN CEYLON

First General Election in a Crown Colony of Yesterday

VOTES ALL ROUND

We are so accustomed to lead the world in new experiments in government that some of the interesting developments within the borders of our own Commonwealth do not receive the attention they merit.

The recent election in Ceylon, our pearl in the Indian Ocean, has reminded us of another step taken toward self-government in that country of nearly six million people.

Ceylon is a Crown Colony, and was ruled until recently by a Governor and a Legislative Council of 12 officials and 37 elected and nominated members. At the end of 1929, however, a new Constitution was adopted.

The Vote For the Coolie

Its chief features are the replacing of the old Council by a State Council to administer as well as make the laws. There are now departments in charge of ten ministers, of whom seven are chosen by the Council, the three others being the Secretary, Treasurer, and Attorney-General. A committee of the Council will help the ministers in their work.

And, most drastic change of all, the members of the Council are elected by the votes of men and women on a territorial basis very much as in England, the restriction of votes to educated and property-holding males having been abolished. Gone also is the communal system of voting according to race or creed, so that at the first General Election, which took place last month, we had the unlettered coolie voting beside the educated landowner.

Colour Guides For the Unlettered

But how, it may be asked, could the ignorant man know how to vote if he could not read or write? This problem was solved by the simple and picturesque use of colour. Every candidate was allotted a colour; the ballot-boxes were coloured accordingly, and all the coolie had to do was to drop his voting paper into the box that was marked by his candidate's colour.

Then there was another problem. Moslem women are not allowed by their religion to mingle with a general crowd, so there were twenty polling-stations reserved for women only; half the women of Ceylon cast their votes.

The total number voting was over 700,000, nine members being returned unopposed. We smile when we read that 18 of the 102 candidates forfeited their £75 deposits because they did not get one-eighth of the poll.

The New Council

Except in that Hindu part of Ceylon nearest India the election was held without a hitch, and a remarkable feature was the way in which members of one race sometimes returned a candidate of another race. Of the 54 members 21 are professing Christians. The new Council has since met and chosen its seven ministers and a Speaker. All but two are Sinhalese, and it is causing anxiety to some people that not one of the 21 Christians is among their number. However, all this is a most interesting experiment in a land where three millions are Buddhists, one million Hindus, and 300,000 Moslems, while only about half a million profess Christianity.

It will be intensely interesting to watch what happens, and we may hope this State Council will have a lesson to teach to their Indian cousins across the Strait of Palk.

A NUISANCE GROWING UP

Why Should We Allow These Things?

Over Wallop, that oddly-named little village in Hampshire, has long been sunk in its ancient peace.

It has peace no longer, for though it is several miles away from anywhere on the railway it can be reached by aeroplane. A couple of 1000-h.p. bombers haunt it day and night.

They circle above the slumbering village at midnight. By day they prow! for hours at a time over it.

We know people whose houses are near an aerodrome, and who seem to have become so used to the muttering roar of the planes as not to mind the noise. But the people of Over Wallop do not want to become used to it.

Why should they have to bear it? There are numerous areas of many square miles even in Hampshire where

The Scrap of Paper

By the Prime Minister

THIS nation's honour is deeply pledged to Disarmament.

We signed as a nation Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. We signed the Preamble to Part 5 of the Treaty of Versailles.

I am also under the impression that at the very moment it was signed, when we were face to face with the Germans come there to meet us and sign the treaty, the Chairman of the Allies gave in writing a document which ought to be pasted on every hoarding in this country, saying that the Allies were not imposing disarmament on Germany simply because Europe was afraid of German military ambitions—no, not that only, but this document, which every man and woman of our country is bound personally to see carried out, said:

We are imposing this disarmament upon Germany as a first step toward the reduction and limitation of armaments which we seek to bring about, as one of the most fruitful preventives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote.

bombing aeroplanes can manoeuvre without causing such inconvenience.

Why do they select the neighbourhood of villages? Some time ago the Air Force proposed to drop practice bombs in the Vale of the White Horse, just where they were not wanted.

They seem to have an instinct for choosing the wrong place for their activities; and we wonder how long it will be before instead of making people air-minded they make them sick of aeroplanes and all they imply.

THE SAXON MASON

Unveiling His Work Today

There was a jolly Saxon mason who sang over his work twelve hundred years ago.

We know he was jolly, for gloomy people do not do good work, and his work was so good that Sir Charles Peers, Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments, came to see the Bishop of Durham unveil it the other day.

The Saxon mason hewed a cross to the glory of God. In time it was broken and lost, but about fifty years ago, when the church of St. Andrew at Bishop Auckland was being restored, they found parts of the cross in the south transept. Now it has been repaired and set up afresh.

THE LOST BROOCH FOUND AFTER 4000 YEARS

Digging Up the Treasures of the Holy Land

SIR FLINDERS PETRIE'S NEW WORK

Sir Flinders Petrie and his helpers have been digging romance out of the earth in South Palestine, and have now brought it to the University of London for all who will to see.

They have found the site of the first city of the Shepherd Kings of Palestine who became so powerful, invading Lower Egypt. Till now they were supposed to be wandering chiefs, living in tents. This theory is upset, and history books will have to begin a new page.

A Beautifully Laid-Out City

This city is called Ajjul, and it is the largest ancient city in Palestine, twenty times larger than Troy. It was beautifully laid out, walled and defended by an immense fosse and remarkable fortifications. It stands on a ridge overlooking a wide estuary where small craft could safely be moored, and was a key-port on the old trade route between Palestine and Egypt.

From things he has found Sir Flinders believes the city was laid out and fortified about 3500 years before Christianity. Fifteen hundred years later it was abandoned, probably because of malaria, and a new settlement was made at Gaza, five miles away.

Perhaps it was when the townsfolk were all hurrying away that the pretty girl lost her brooch. A few weeks ago somebody saw a gleam of gold in the main street of Ajjul, poked for it, and found a little brooch of exquisite gold embedded in dried mud, as fresh as if it had been made yesterday, the gold worked in little points and shaped to the figure of a flying hawk. It had lain in that street for 4000 years.

Homes Under the Ploughed Soil

Before the student found that the workmen had found many things. They have only cleared close on an acre, digging on a bluff above the estuary. They discovered that close under the ploughed soil were dwellings with walls eight feet high, and some doorways just as they were left. Before the work was finished for the season the diggers could walk down a main street with three crossing it, as at Pompeii.

It appears that when the city was deserted the upper storeys fell into the lower and were covered with earth, which thus preserved the secrets of the ancient place. There are hundreds of little and big bottles and jars, pieces of painted pottery, scarabs of great beauty, and among these small things two large ones of unusual interest.

One is a kind of a footbath, a large shallow clay basin studded with sea-shells as a child studs the walls of a sand castle. It had a hole in the middle for the water to run away, and it was set at the door of the shrine, for worshippers there to wash their feet.

Another Page in History

The other is the skeleton of a horse, buried in a pit with great care, and the remains of human beings around it. This makes another page in history, for it is known that the Shepherd Kings brought the large horse from Asia into Palestine. This is the first horse of this size that has been found in the area of the Mediterranean.

Beautiful bookmarkers of parchment, with an embossed picture in gold of the long-lost gold brooch, and other trinkets have been made for sale to help the much-needed funds for this work at Ajjul. They were sixpence at the exhibition. Any C.N. reader who would like one should write to Lady Petrie, University College, Gower Street, London.

BEAUTY WINS

Three Villages Saved For the Countryside

THE ENGLISHMAN'S BIRTHRIGHT

Poynings, Fulking, and Edburton are to be saved. Peter Puck throws up his hat and gives three cheers.

They are three Sussex villages at the foot of Devil's Dyke. They have seen the wonderful things we read about in Puck of Pook's Hill, the coming of the Legions, the terror of the Danes, the clash of Saxon and Norman.

And after all these years of loveliness it seemed as if they must lose their quietude and charm in order that motorists might go a little faster from one place to another.

But the Brighton and District Town-Planning Committee came to the rescue. A new road is to be made which will leave the villages unspoiled.

It is said that representatives of the County Council called the road an expensive luxury, but beauty is not a luxury; it is an Englishman's birthright. Ugly ramshackle bungalows, which soon need repairs and will decay before long, are luxuries indeed. The beauty which draws people to England from all over the world is too precious to lose on a penny-wise-pound-foolish scheme.

Moreover, the men who will make the road instead of drawing unemployment pay call it no luxury but a godsend.

SOUTH AFRICA'S MITE

For This Relief Much Thanks

South Africa, the youngest of the great independent British Dominions, has asserted her independence in a striking way of which sufficient note has not been taken.

She is so independent that she has declined with thanks to accept the offer made by the Old Country to remit for a year her payment for the war debt.

When Mr Hoover proposed that for a year the payments of war debts should cease, the British Government, in accepting the proposal, passed on its advantages to the Dominions, which share the indebtedness with her and make payments to her.

Some of the Dominions are in such a disordered state financially that they have been glad to accept the offer, but South Africa, which has to pay £337,000 a year, declared that she wished to make the payment as usual.

South Africa consequently puts a third of a million pounds in the British taxpayer's pocket this year. For this relief he should not merely express much thanks, but, in times when everybody is asking him for money, should keep a warm place in his heart for a little country, by no means wealthy, which asks nothing and gives something.

It should make him look very kindly on the products which South Africa sends from her fields and orchards.

THINGS SAID

Surely we might call Armistice Day Peace Day. Rev T. P. Brocklehurst

Imagination and not fear lifted man above the animals. G. W. S. Brewer

Thank God there are no Monday mornings in Heaven. Mr Snowden

The worth-while posts are seldom advertised. They are found or made. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.

There is more money spent on armaments now than in any past period of peace. The Prime Minister

War hurts everybody, benefits nobody but the profiteers, and settles nothing. Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson

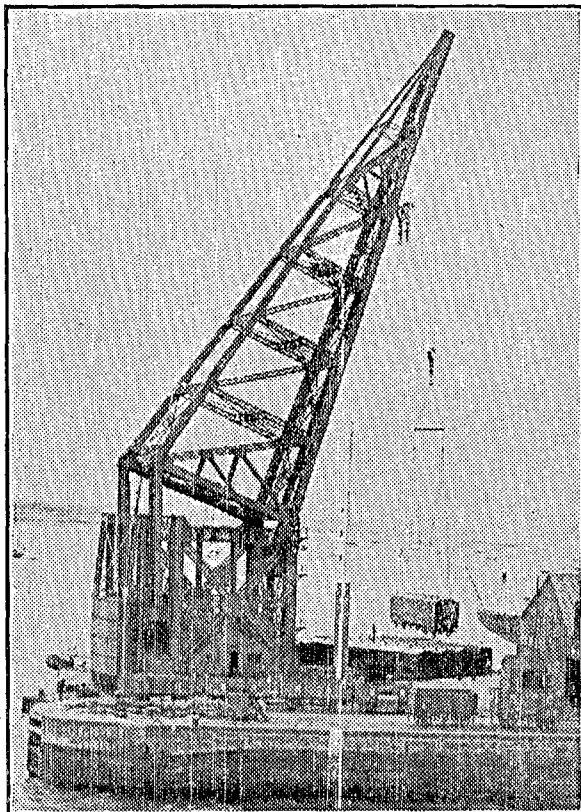
The nations of the world are spending over £800,000,000 a year on war while they are tottering on the brink of bankruptcy. Mr Lloyd George

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The Children's Newspaper

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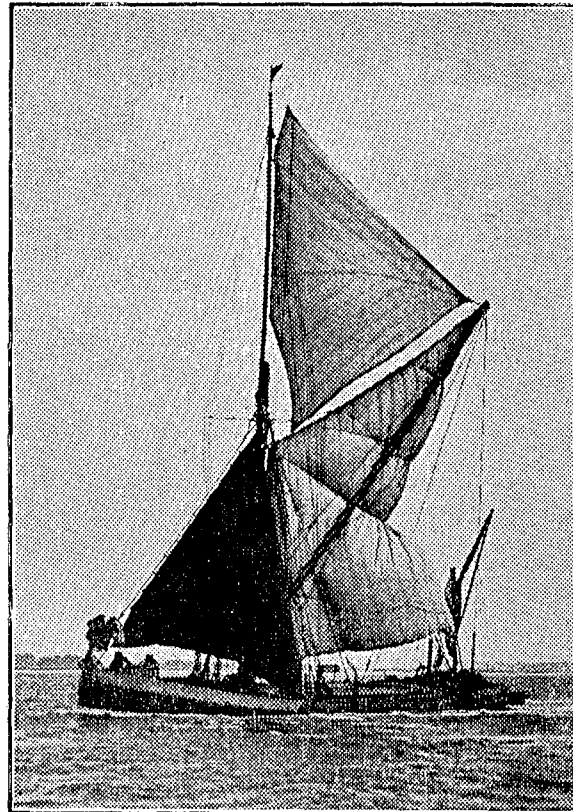
GUIDES IN CAMP · TRAIN GOES FOR A RIDE · ART AND INDUSTRY



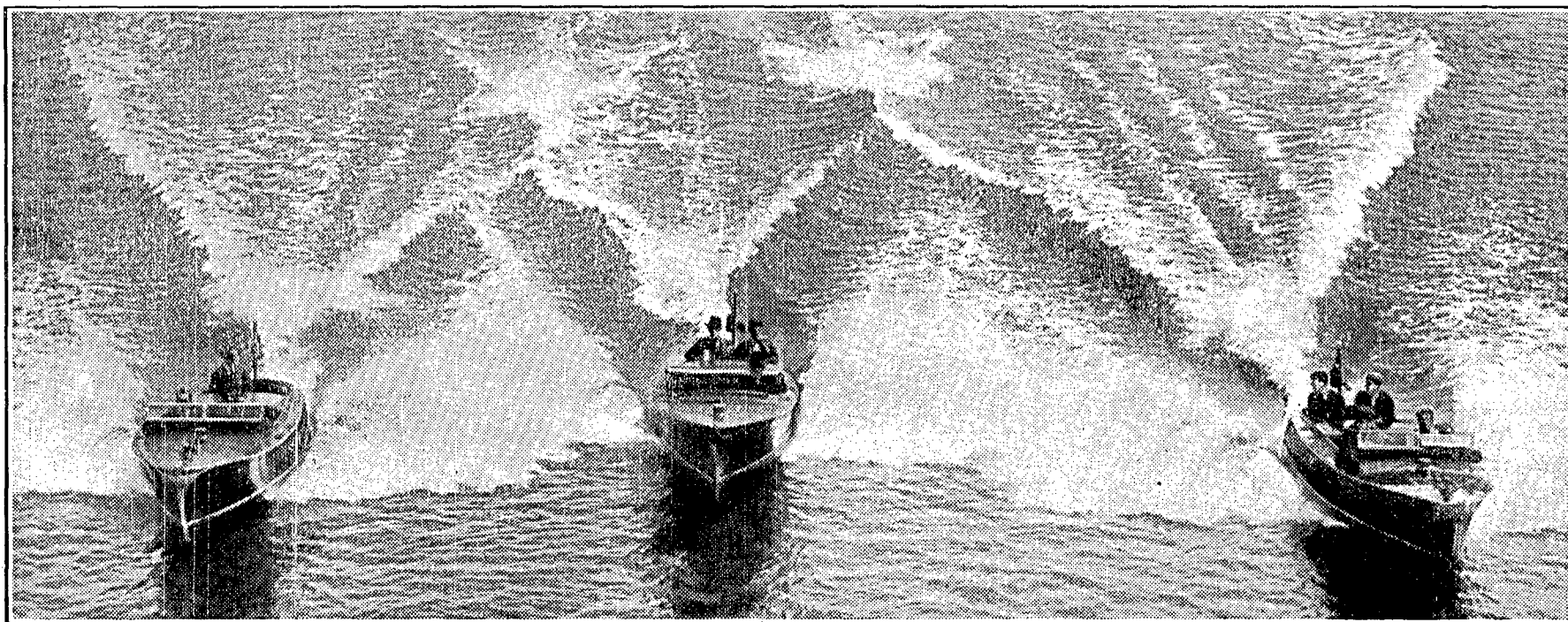
Train Goes for a Ride—A new train of ten bogie coaches has been taken to the Isle of Wight. The coaches crossed from Southampton on the pontoon of this huge floating crane.



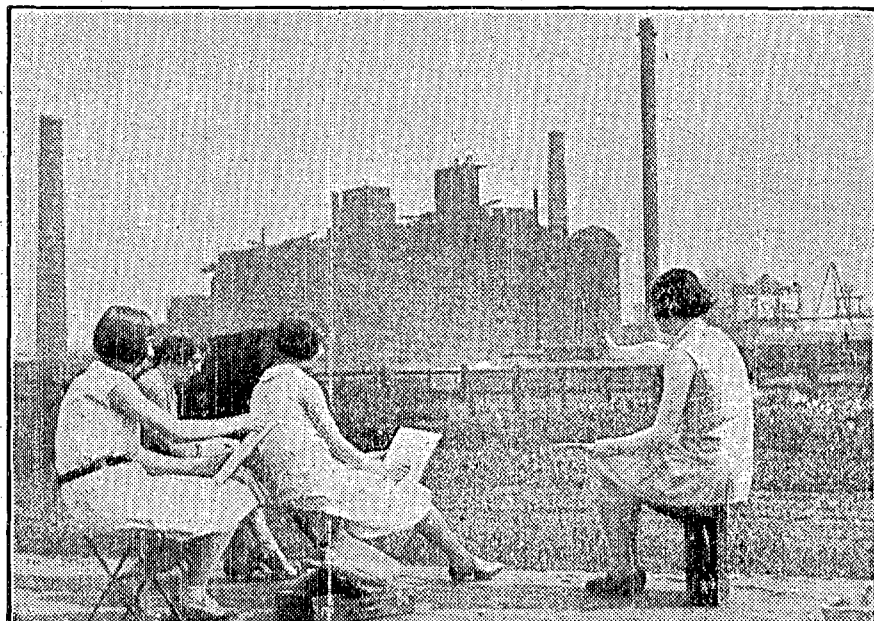
In the Cornfield—The corn on a farm at Chesham in Buckinghamshire has grown so tall that it almost hides grown-ups as they stand in the field.



The Sailing Barge—A competitor in the annual race for barges from Gravesend to the Mouse Lightship and back is here seen making way under sail for the starting-point.



Thames Taxis—River taxis have become quite popular in London. Additional speed boats have lately been put into commission, enabling a regular quarter-hour service to be maintained between Chelsea and Westminster and other parts. Three of the new boats are here seen travelling at high speed during their trials on the River Thames.



Art and Industry—There are many ways in which art can come to the aid of industry. These students of the College of Arts at Leeds are seen in an industrial quarter of the town making sketches for a series of posters advertising British industries.



Camp Smiles—Thousands of Girl Guides have been or are about to go into camp. It is obvious from the cheerful smiles of these Belfast Guides at Mill Isle in County Down that their experience of camp life was most enjoyable.

TO MAKE TRADE SAFER

STEADYING PRICES

Report of an Expert British Government Committee

BIG BANKS AND BAD SCHEMES

An important Committee on Finance and Industry, under Lord Macmillan, was set up in 1929 to report on the world trade crisis, and it has just presented us with a long report of 300 pages.

The report makes many recommendations, and these are the chief of them.

Prices. It is urged that a serious international effort should be made to raise world prices above the low levels to which they have fallen.

It is this heavy decline in the price level which, by bringing disaster to the producers of food and materials, has upset the whole world.

The Committee think the great Central Banks of the world should work together. In that recommendation is implied the criticism that the Central Banks might have and should have prevented the disastrous fall in prices.

Gold as a Standard. The Committee criticise the working of the gold standard, and in effect condemn the United States and France for hoarding a large proportion of the world's available gold.

They think that the Bank of England should be empowered to circulate up to £400,000,000 in notes. Also they think the Bank should be allowed to let its gold reserve fall as low as £75,000,000.

Banks to Help Trade. The Committee think that banks might do more to assist industry. Our big banks are accused of not understanding industry, or of not associating themselves with it as banks do in other countries. This has been a common complaint with British captains of industry.

Banks Should Protect the Investor. The Committee seriously criticise the banks for not safeguarding investors, and for even encouraging bad company promotion. It is pointed out that prospectuses of companies which should be avoided by the investor are allowed to bear prominently the names of great banks, thus deluding the investors into the belief that the undertakings are sound ones. The Committee point out that £117,000,000 was subscribed for 284 new companies in 1928, and that 70 of these have already failed and about half their money has been lost. All these prospectuses bore the names of the big banks.

Control of Imports. Some, but not all, of the Committee favour the control of imports either by an Imports Board or by tariff, believing that this would favourably influence British employment by substituting the use of British for imported goods.

The report thus deals straightforwardly with many serious issues, and we may hope it will have a considerable influence on affairs.

AN OLD VILLAGE FALLING IN

Some Narrow Escapes

Brandon village is falling in. It is an old village of Durham situated above the coalfields.

It has been known for some time that the ground on which the village cottages are built was subsiding, and the cause is believed to be the collapse of an old disused coal seam below it.

As long ago as Easter strange cracking noises were heard, and in mid-July the warning took more positive form. Floors of four cottages began to sink and walls to gape. The families occupying them escaped just in time.

No further risks are to be taken. All the cottages are to be given up, and the families will have to seek new homes.

A FATHER OF THE PICTURES

Muybridge and His Horses

HONOUR WHERE IT IS DUE

Another pioneer of the moving picture has received recognition in the tablet which has just been unveiled in the public library of Kingston-on-Thames to Eadweard Muybridge.

Unlike Friese-Green, who died in poverty though millions have been made out of his inventions of the moving photographic film and the lantern projector, Muybridge did very well as a photographer. He was more interested in what we should now call rapid-motion photography than in converting his photographs into purposes of popular entertainment.

After emigrating to the United States from Kingston, where he was born, he became a director of the photographic surveys of the United States Government. While in that position he was consulted about the disputed question whether a trotting horse ever had all its four feet off the ground, as the old painters of horses so often depicted it.

Revolutionary Photographs

Muybridge, by so arranging his cameras as to photograph a horse a number of times as it trotted past, answered this question, and also produced a number of photographs which revealed a number of quite unsuspected positions of the horse's legs.

These results, which caused quite a revolution among painters of horses and their methods, were then thought the sum of Muybridge's investigations; but afterwards, by running the separate photographs rapidly in a revolving drum, which he called a Zoopraxiscope, he reproduced the appearance of a horse in motion.

It was this Zoopraxiscope which he improved so as to cast the images on a screen by a sort of magic-lantern arrangement that gives him a claim to have been one of the first to foreshadow the moving picture.

Honour where honour is due, and if we cannot call Muybridge a film producer he was one whose photographs and methods stimulated the idea of this modern invention in other minds.

BRITAIN DISARMING

Our Fifth Place in the Air

There is nothing more urgently wanted than to press for reductions in the air forces of the world, an attempt to bring about some form of parity in the air forces of Western Europe. I regard the air force as the spearhead of invasion, and probably the most dangerous form of arm against peace which exists in the world today.

Our own Air Estimates this year were slightly lower than they were six years ago, while in other foreign countries they went up, in one case as high as 150 per cent increase on the figures of six years ago.

We have sunk to the fifth place in air armaments. Mr Baldwin

A PIONEER PASSES ON

The British Empire has just lost its first woman M.P., Mrs Louise McKinney, who has died in Canada aged 63.

She was a champion of the home, and did valuable work to promote temperance. So engaging was her personality and so sound her reputation for good sense that she gained a seat in the Alberta Legislature in 1917. It was the first time a woman had been elected to a Parliamentary body in the British Empire. Two years later England followed Canada's lead, and Lady Astor became a member of the Imperial Parliament.

Both these pioneers were enthusiasts in the great crusade against the evils of the Drink traffic.

THE FUTURE IN THE CHEMIST'S WORLD

What He Is Doing

THINGS SEEN AT WESTMINSTER

We are in the hands of the chemists. There was no doubt about that in our minds as we walked through the large exhibition of Chemical Industries at the Central Hall, Westminster.

One of these days the chemists are going to dress us and give us little tablets to swallow instead of going out to tea, having already made us aluminium teeth and silvery steel tables. In the meantime they are making enormous aluminium pans to boil 100 gallons of jam at a time.

So we are all right for a bit, especially as we are assured that aluminium is so harmless and healthy that if a scraping of the pot got into the jam we should be better rather than worse.

Amazing Development

The work of chemistry in the last 100 years affords an amazing study of development, research, and genius. Scientific industries cannot stand still. One thing leads to another with amazing rapidity: artificial silk, chemical dyes, motor-cars, aeroplanes, have created needs of plant and machinery that have made a revolution in chemical methods.

It is no good for a firm to think that the new, up-to-date plant in their factory is there till it drops, so to speak, like the plant in a weaving shed. It may be superseded any month, or may be rendered useless owing to a discovery which has made useless the material it deals with. Thus the men of science controlling these chemical industries are for ever on the look-out.

Advancing Thought

The chemical exhibition is a revelation of advancing thought. It showed us aluminium wallpaper of all colours, ladders that weigh about three pounds, the latest marvels in filters and pumps, with machines that control temperature and record hardness in water.

There was one corner which looked at a distance like a bit of Madame Tussaud's, with some striking persons standing at ease. At close quarters they proved to be dummies of divers, firemen, miners, wearing smoke helmets and the usual gear, with a difference. The man who wore the latest gas-mask looked like a cross between a monkey and a caterpillar. At the end of the row was a man dressed, it seemed, in an ordinary overall suit of rough grey linen. It was fireproof, waterproof, acid-proof, oil-proof. Thus dressed, with a few tablets in his pocket, might not a man go anywhere and do anything?

THE BUS AS POLICEMAN

Catching the Hog

Down a public street a crowded London General bus raced as if it had run away.

It had not run away; it was chasing a car that was running away. It rushed past stopping-places. Its passengers stood up in alarm. And all they heard, if they could hear anything, was the bus driver shouting "Stop that car in front!"

Two police officers heard him. They commandeered a two-seater and joined in the chase, to which the rocking, crowded bus pointed the way. Eventually they stopped a car, and the rest of the tale was told in court.

The car the bus was chasing was one which the bus driver believed he had seen knock a man down and refuse to stop.

If an omnibus can catch up a car that runs a man down and then runs away its services in thus bringing to book the Thug of the Roads ought to be recognised by a police badge.

GROWING OUR OWN SUGAR

CAN WE GO ON DOING IT?

The Question Raised in a New Government Report

WHAT THE NATION PAYS

The Government has brought forward a Bill to grant an additional subsidy of £225,000 to help our beet-sugar industry over difficulties due to the prevailing low prices of sugar.

This Bill and a recent report issued by the Board of Agriculture have again brought the interest in English beet-sugar into the foreground.

During the war our sugar supplies from Europe ceased and we were almost in the position of our medieval forefathers, who had to rely on honey and sweet fruits for the pleasant taste that sugar gives, and it was decided to try to grow our own sugar.

Since 1924 about £30,000,000 of public money has been granted for the growing of beetroots and for the establishment of refineries to convert the beets into sugar.

For and Against the Subsidy

There is great difference of opinion over the wisdom of the State granting any help to this new industry.

On the one hand it is pointed out that this public money has kept a large number of agricultural labourers in employment, there being a drop of only one per cent of men employed in beet-growing counties in the last six years compared with 10 per cent elsewhere, while 18 sugar refineries are today employing 10,000 men. Last year 40,000 farmers grew 350,000 acres of beet.

Our contribution to the 25 million tons of sugar produced in the world is about 300,000 tons.

The opponents of the subsidy point out that the State has up to the present paid 2½d toward the cost of producing each pound of English beet sugar, the wholesale price of which is only 2½d. Also every additional man employed now costs the State 25s for each working day.

The Crux of the Problem

Beyond all controversy there are certain disadvantages our farmers labour under in their work. In this country the cheap labour of women and children is not available in our fields to anything like the same extent as abroad. Horse-hauled cultivators are employed, and in consequence the plants must be set wider apart, so that the yield per acre is much less than on the Continent. Yet so efficient are our farmers that we are told the net cost of crop production is practically the same, although transport to the factories is much more costly.

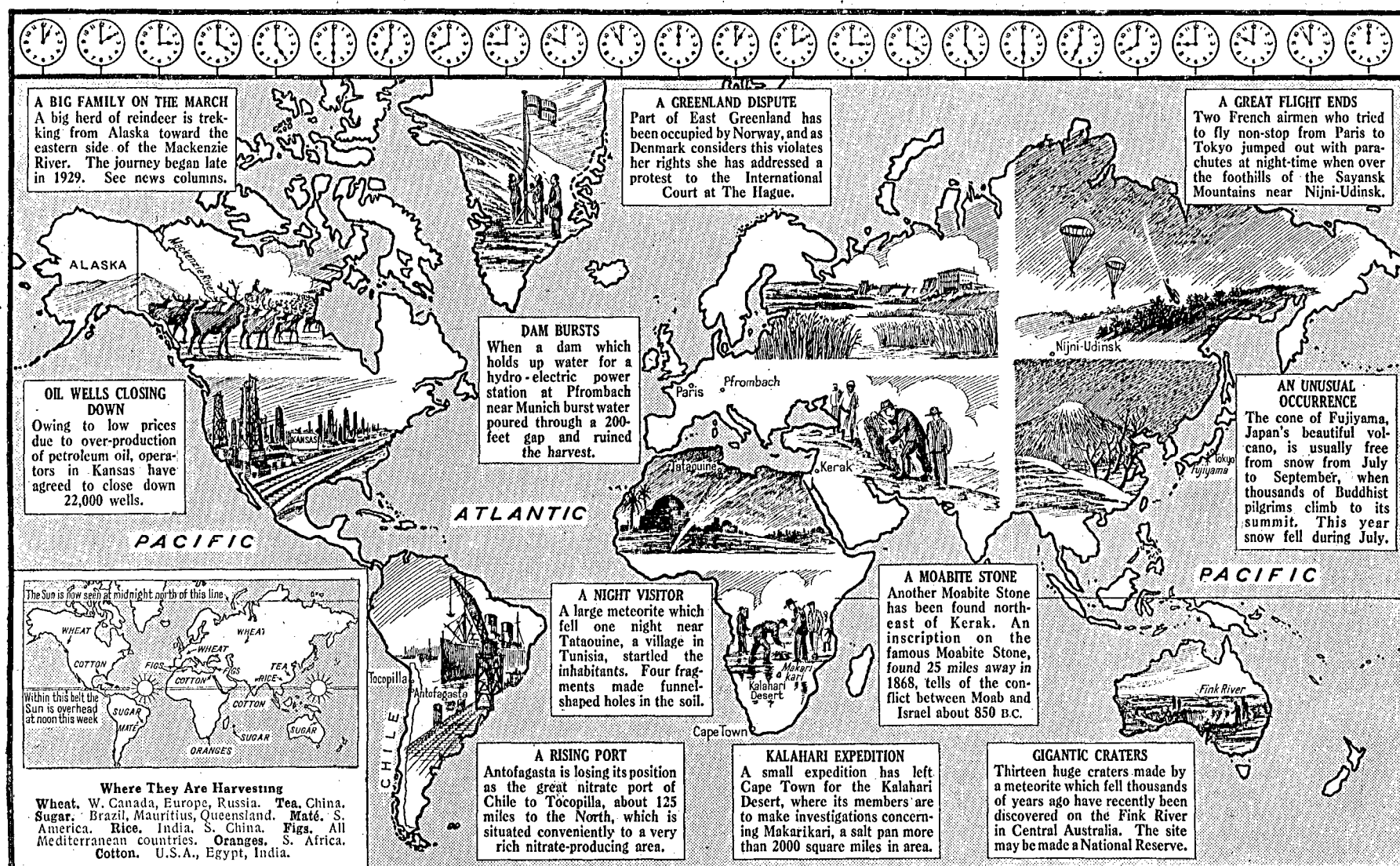
The report declares that the difference in costs must militate against our permanent establishment of the beet crop on an economic basis unless our manufacturers are clever enough to devise machines for cultivating beet planted at the closer spacing which gives the higher yields obtained on the Continent.

When we consider that Holland obtains 13 tons an acre while we do not average eight tons, the crux of the problem seems to lie here. From an efficiency point of view our new factories are splendid, but will they ever be able to stand on their own in competition with the ever-increasing sugar output of the world?

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cassivellaunus . . .	Kas-e-ve-law-nus
Jungfrau	Yoong-vrôw
Kumasi	Koo-mah-se
Panegyric	Pan-e-jyr-ik
Tussaud's	Too-soze

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE LONG JOURNEY OF A BIG FAMILY 7000 On the Way To Canada

Some curious guests are expected next Christmas by the Canadian Department of the Interior.

It was in December 1929 that 3000 reindeer were bought by the Department in Alaska, and the problem arose of getting them from their native country to the east side of the Mackenzie River.

The long journey began, and in the spring of last year a halt had to be made for the fawning season. Some 2000 fawns then increased the herd, and the animals, now 5000 strong, started again on their long trek. Another year has passed, and the herd is still journeying toward its new home, where it should arrive at the end of this year. Another fawning season will have passed, and arrangements are therefore being made for some 7000 reindeer by the Canadian Government. The animals still have four hundred miles to go! See World Map

FROM ONE ZOO TO ANOTHER The Belle Vue Cobra

Behind the gift to the London Zoo of a baby cobra lies an exciting story.

The baby cobra is one of a batch born into captivity for the first time in history at Belle Vue Zoo, Manchester.

When the London Zoo congratulated Belle Vue on their notable achievement Belle Vue decided to return the compliment by presenting one of their babies to London.

But the cobra had to be caught. Jimmy Craythorne, whose father and grandfather were also reptile-keepers at Belle Vue, was given the task of taking the baby cobra to London. The task was no easy one. He had to stalk the snake with stealthy steps until he was able to leap upon it and push it into a box, where it stayed until it was let loose again at the London Zoo.

IN MEMORY OF NANSEN An English Tribute

England has not forgotten Nansen, the man he was, and the deeds he did in his brave little ship Fram.

As a testimony to the feeling that he was one of ourselves English people joined in the fund which is being raised in Norway to preserve the Fram as a memorial to him, and the first instalment of £450 was taken to Oslo by Mr John Howard Whitehouse, the chairman of the English committee and headmaster of Bembridge School.

The Prime Minister of Norway received the gift and its bearer, Oslo University entertained him, and Mr Whitehouse, in responding, added his own tribute to the great Arctic explorer and emissary of peace in Europe.

It took the form of an endowment of the university which would provide a prize every year for the best essay on some subject of scientific importance or humanitarian interest such as Nansen would have approved.

Of Nansen it might be said that nothing of human interest was foreign to him, so that there is a wide field for the essayists.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD

Why Peace Is Hard

While it is not for us either to ask, or to advise, or to try to cajole the United States to get them to come into the League, I say this, without fear of contradiction from any statesman who has had to deal with international problems in Europe—that every international problem in Europe since the Treaty of Versailles has been made incomparably more difficult to Europeans by the absence of America from the League.

Mr Baldwin

RACING BIG BEN How Long To Strike Twelve?

All over the world there are people who listen to the broadcast voice of Big Ben, but how many know how long it takes the great clock to strike twelve?

The other day a group of people were arguing about it, and one said that you could not run across Westminster Bridge while Big Ben chimed twelve. Another undertook to do it. He was Mr Albert Bayley, the Herne Hill athlete. Starting to sprint across the bridge on the stroke of one, he reached the other side just before Big Ben struck nine.

Westminster Bridge is 225 yards, and Mr Bayley covered the distance in just under 30 seconds. Big Ben takes 45 seconds to strike twelve.

This is not the first time men have tried to race the world's most famous clock. In 1911 an athlete walked across the bridge and beat the chimes by half a second. There have been others, some victorious and some not, but the beaten ones can always console themselves by saying: "Big Ben won, but think of all the practice he gets!"

NEWS FROM THE CLOUDS

How the Weather Reports Will Come

Everything to do with the air is becoming automatic.

It is only recently that machines have been made to land without any help from the pilot by means of lights and photo-cells. Now we hear of wireless typewriters being fitted to long-distance machines on which the pilot or observer can tap out his weather observations and reports. The typewritten message is transmitted by wireless, and an automatic telegraph-typewriter prints the report at the meteorological station.

We do not doubt that the day will come when all this will be done by instruments sent into space alone, without a human being.

DOROTHEA BEALE A Wonderful Woman of Her Century

The Dorothea Beale Centenary has been celebrated at Cheltenham College.

Miss Beale, who for nearly fifty years was principal of the college, was appointed in 1849 Professor of Mathematics—"the most unfeminine of subjects," as Sir Henry Hadow remarked in his address to the pupils of the college, old and present, who gathered for the celebration.

Sir Henry, in reviewing the education of the Englishwoman, reminded us that in 1810 Sydney Smith wrote: "We don't want a lady to write books, debate, dance in opera, play at concerts, or send pictures to exhibitions." But a few years later George Eliot and Clara Schumann were born!

"If you want a thing well done, do not do it yourself," was one of Miss Beale's favourite maxims, and one Sir Henry said he heartily agreed with; for, said he, it is a comparatively easy thing to make the wheels go round if you push them with your own hands, but real greatness lies in inspiring someone else to carry on the work thoroughly for you.

MARY PRETORIA The Tiniest Baby

The world must seem a very big place indeed to Mary, the Indian baby born recently at Pretoria.

She was so very little at birth that they did not dare to weigh her in case the act might injure her; but after fourteen days Mary was taken from her bed of cotton wool, and she managed to prove that she was a real human being right enough by weighing three pounds!

Mary cannot manage an ordinary baby's feeding-bottle, so the hospital authorities had to send out for a doll's bottle for her!

She must still be very awed by the bigness of everything.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 1 1931

The Green Lawn of Fleet Street

THE C.N. was delighted the other day to see the Daily Telegraph, the only serious London daily now housed in Fleet Street, giving its readers supplements of Beautiful England. But there was one scene our good neighbour forgot: it forgot the Green Lawn of Fleet Street.

We have stood on it, and we know how beautiful it is. We have looked from the Green Lawn of Fleet Street to the Four Trees of Fleet Street, and we could not help thinking how hopeful it is that this touch of the loveliest countryside in the world should come to the very heart of the town. It is good to have four trees and a green lawn between the Crown of St Dunstan's and the Cross of St Paul's.

When we think of it Fleet Street has much to answer for. We wonder how much of this world's loveliness it has destroyed. In our own generation about fifty forests as big as Devon have been cut down to make its newspapers.

We wish it were altogether a thing to be proud of, but we wonder. We have not lived long, but we have seen journalism at its height and at its depth, and we wonder if the destruction of all this beauty, of all these glorious trees with their branches swaying in the wind and their leaves murmuring plaintive music on the breeze, was worth while.

As we stand on this green lawn and look down on this street which has it in its power to make the world or to spoil it, we cannot help wondering how like a garden Fleet Street could make this world if it believed in itself. What might not be done if the Street of Stunts became the Street of Dreams? Did they not miss the Labour Party while they were busy with their stunts, and may they not miss the Kingdom of Heaven?

It has more power than any other street on Earth. It can save the world. There is nothing that a Fleet Street in earnest could not do, a Fleet Street on the side of whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report.

It will come, though few may live to see it. As far as that goes, who has seen the Green Lawn of Fleet Street on which we have been dreaming? Only very few, but it is there. It is half-way up that great white mountain of the Daily Telegraph office, on the balcony just above the clock, and a wonderful peep it is of our wonderful London and our wonderful England. Well may we pray that in these days Fleet Street may be worthy of its city, its nation, and its race. A.M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Remarkable Fact

MANY things have been said about our latest Census, but perhaps the most remarkable feature of all seems to have escaped attention.

It is that the increase in our population in the last ten years was roundly two millions, or as nearly as possible the same small increase that occurred in the ten years before.

Let us think what this means. The last ten years were years of peace. The preceding ten years contained not only the four terrible years of war but the few years immediately after it, when many disabled, diseased, and worn-out soldiers died. Our losses in the war were roundly a million, yet in ten years of peace the population has not shown a substantially greater increase than in the ten years covering war losses. This is a very striking and serious fact. It would be incredible if it were not true.

Old Yew

WE have been sorry to see one more old yew tree with its hollow trunk used as a rubbish heap, this time in the churchyard of Elmsted, off the Canterbury road to Folkestone. Surely there are nobler uses for our trees than this?

The Sack of Pearl's

We were talking of money the other day; here is another story worth remembering.

AN Arab jeweller, travelling in the desert, missed his way and, having no provisions left, was giving himself up for lost when he came upon a bag which was tied up with cord. Passing his hands rapidly over the outside of the sack it seemed to him that it contained some kind of grain.

The joy of the traveller knew no bounds. When at last he removed the cord, however, he was in the depths of despair, for instead of grain he found the sack contained thousands of rare pearls, worth very little short of a monarch's ransom.

Glowing Hearts

THERE is always a way out if we try to find it.

Somebody has been recalling the way in which Lulworth people celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. They had neither gas nor electric light, but they were not to be outdone. 1897 was a good glow-worm year. The people went out collecting them, and after dark on the sloping lawn of the inn there appeared in shining letters God Save the Queen.

We commend the story to all who think the game is up.

What They Might Have Been

NO one can look at the young lives which a coal-pit has claimed without wondering what they might have been.

H. V. Morton

99,000

THE United States has a National Safety Council which studies accidents and seeks to bring about their reduction.

According to the figures of this body the death-roll of American accidents in 1930 reached 99,000, as compared with 74,000 in 1920. The number of injuries is not stated, but it runs into millions.

It is said that what are called accidents last year cost America as much as six hundred million pounds. We say *what are called accidents* because we believe that really *there are no accidents*.

Tip-Cat

A LONDON waiter, it is estimated, walks twelve miles a day. And still has to wait.

SOMEONE wants to know what to do with eiderdowns in the summer. Use them.

A CRAB was found forty miles inland. Out of its element.

THE boy who went to the grocer's and forgot what he had been sent there for is said to have grown up to be a member of Parliament.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If honest cricketers steal runs

day. We understand a new mill is being started.

TWO film stars have been in London, and the public did not know. It seems incredible.

SEVEN and a half tons of turtles arrived in London recently. They will find themselves in the soup.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ABOUT £75,000 has been left by Mr Maurice Lyon for a convalescent home for Jews in London.

THE number of prisoners in Scotland last year was the lowest since the war.

THE Red Cross has received over £10,000 from the executors of Sir Otto Beit for a rheumatism clinic.

DR BUCKSTON BROWNE has given another £50,000 for a Research Station at Darwin's old home in Kent.

JUST AN IDEA

Peace cannot be established on the point of a sword. It must be broad-based upon the will of the people.

Granny Comes to London

WHEN Granny came from Little Coombe And went to London Town, The buses and the people passed All scurrying up and down.

AND when the lights of London blazed

(When evening-time had come) Oh, Granny thought them fine to see,

But thought of peace and home;

OF sprinkled stars in Little Coombe

That tangle in the trees; And Granny said: "I will go home:

Where is the station, please?"

FOR paths that run through Little Coombe

Just wander to the skies, And nights are still at Little Coombe.

The old grey owl that cries

AND tucked-in streams that tinkle by

Are all that you can hear; But London folk go scurrying by, And noise is everywhere.

Marjorie Wilson

Laughing in Two Languages

From a Correspondent

IT was growing dusk in the quiet Swiss valley.

Outside a chalet a group of children were playing in a field. A stranger from England joined them and made an inquiry about the wild flowers in the woods. Her German was halting, her accent peculiar.

The children, having replied to her question, broke suddenly into peals of delighted laughter. Greatly encouraged, she pursued the conversation and the mirth increased. A boy ran out from the chalet to see what the fun was about. He wore a little white coat gaily stitched in scarlet. Soon he was laughing with the rest. The children sat in a row on a gate and their new friend stood before them. Said one small girl to the stranger: "We laugh in German and you laugh in English; so we laugh together."

"We do indeed," replied the Englishwoman, "it is lovely to laugh"; and she went on her way recalling some words she had read long ago.

Without laughter in it the heart is a stone. Without laughter, even a prayer scarcely has the wings and the buoyancy to mount heavenward.

Through the Long Night Watches

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May their eyelids close.

Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

August 1, 1931

OLD AFRICA AND A KING

PREMPHEH SEEN NO MORE

The Last Rite No Stranger
May See and Live

WILD-LOOKING MEN OF ASHANTI

When Prempeh of Ashanti died the old Africa and the new came side by side to attend his burial.

The New Africa has brought to Kumasi, where the dead king lay in state, new roads, new houses, new ways, and a Christian Church where once stood the Execution Tree.

King Prempeh, it will be recalled, returned a professing Christian from his long exile in the Seychelles. He attended the services of the Church. His son John had been ordained priest, and worked with beneficent results among the people of the Gold Coast.

Africa's Dark Young Braves

But in the forests of Ashanti, beyond the cocoa and rubber plantations, the motor-roads, and the electric light, dwells still the Old Africa. It came with its dark young braves, its fighting men whose spears are not yet pruning-hooks, its drums and horns, to the funeral of Prempeh, who had been its ruler when the law of Ashanti was the law of the sword and of that terrible institution the witch doctor.

Into the chamber where the king's body lay clad in the prescribed ceremonial dress, a crown on his head and jewelled sandals on his feet, the Old Africa penetrated.

Two fan-bearers stood like statues by the bed, the only still figures in a room filled with shoutings and lamentations. Heralds, drummers, and horn-blowers were there, and executioners with knives slung about their necks.

Mission Priests and Executioners

The New Africa found its way in rather cautiously among this reawakening of the old spirit, sustained by something greater than the fear of savagery. For the New Africa was represented by the mission priests belonging to the Christian Church and walked only in the fear of the Lord.

It was their high resolve that the king should have Christian burial. They and the converts they had brought with them drowned the tumult and the shouting with a hymn.

Yet everywhere and at every pause the Old Africa surged back. It came when the hymns ceased, with one of the king's executioners, who stepped forward, dagger in hand, to deliver a panegyric on his dead master.

Hours went by, and in the pause, or when the excitement appeared to be becoming dangerous, the hymn-singers strove to make heard the still small voice of a new faith amid the uproar peculiar to the old superstition.

Sometimes an Ashanti herald would shout a eulogy. Sometimes the voice of the great talking drums, the little drums, the Etwe roaring leopard drum, would drown all other sounds. The horns would blare, hundreds of stamping feet and writhing figures would break into a ceremonial dance.

Ashanti's Golden Stool

Night turned into day. The minstrels ceased their songs of praise for the dead; the funeral procession was formed; a mighty crowd looking on. State umbrellas, a packed mass of mourners clad in golden yellow about the great brass coffin, moved along the main street of Kumasi. Borne with the coffin by wild-looking men with headdresses of gold ornamented with golden horns was Ashanti's Golden Stool.

The Golden Stool is Old Africa incarnate. It is the spirit of the Ashanti

ALL WELL WITH SCOUTS AND GUIDES

THE Chief Scout is home again after a six-months tour through New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa.

During that time he has been at fifty rallies and camp fires and made about two hundred speeches; but it was all one long pleasure trip, for B.-P. was delighted with all he saw.

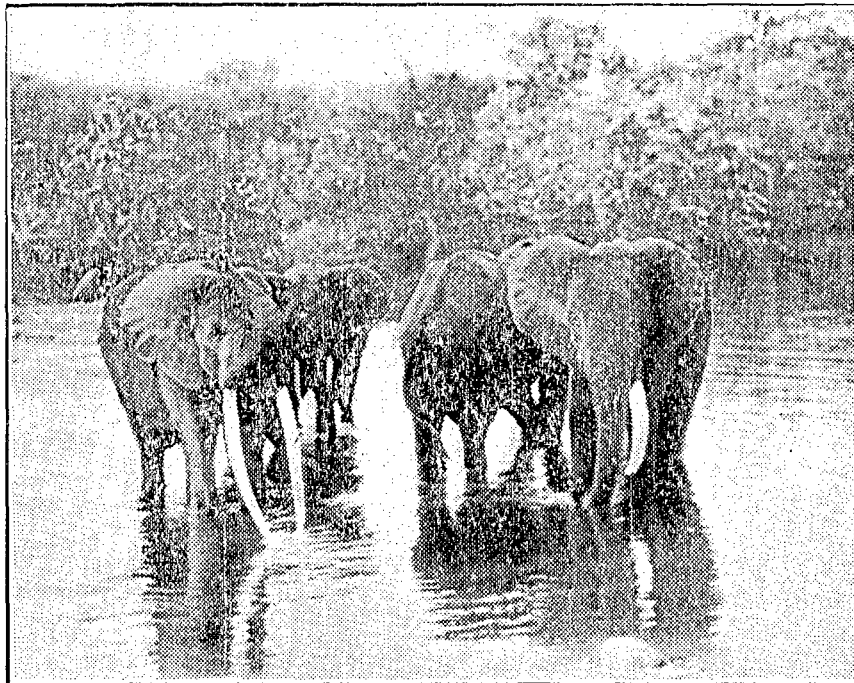
He has been telling someone that when he started the Scout Movement wise old people shook their heads, saying they feared that boys with such a training would grow up very wild. But the Chief Scout has met hundreds of these boys grown up, and knows they are some of the finest men in the world. He was specially glad to hear how

splendidly his boys (and his girls too) had behaved in New Zealand after the earthquake. They kept their heads, helped with first-aid, and showed as much pluck as anybody.

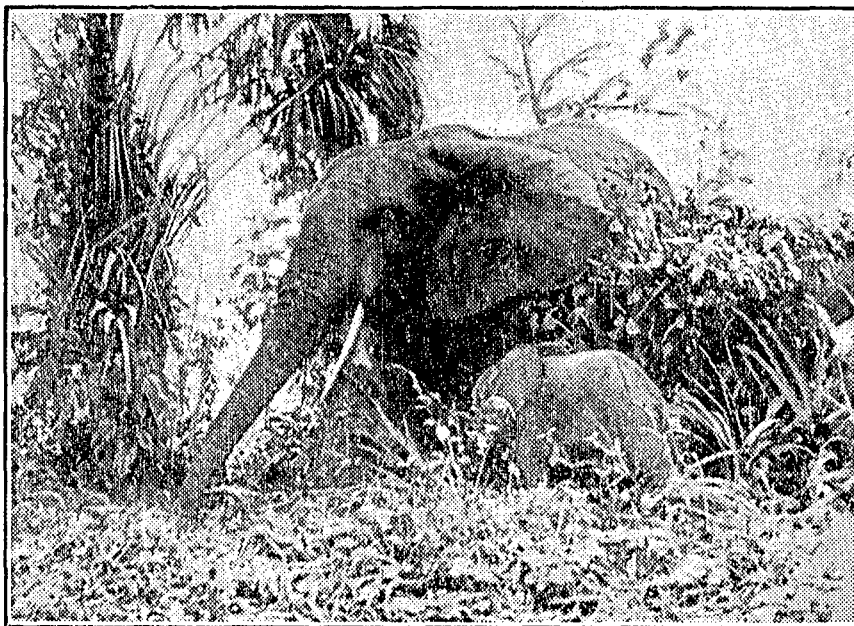
He was pleased, too, with the great interest in the movement shown in Australia, and with the fact that in Africa friendship between the two white races was being helped by many boys and girls becoming Scouts and Guides.

But if anybody wants a proof of the splendid effects of Scouting he need look no farther than the Chief Scout himself, who is 74 and is starting off again soon, with Lady B.-P., to have a look at the Scouts and Guides of Europe.

THE ELEPHANT AT HOME



A cool place for a hot day



Mother and child in the forest

The photographs brought back by modern big-game hunters who go out into the wilds armed with cameras instead of with guns are incomparably more interesting than the so-called trophies of the old-time hunters. These pictures of African elephants were secured by the Wetherell Expedition in the northern part of the Belgian Congo.

Continued from the previous column

people, their totem, a relic more precious to them, and having more meaning, than the Coronation Stone on which our kings are crowned possesses for us. Ashanti fought a war to keep it when a foolish British official thought fit to demand it. But the Golden Stool went with the brass coffin into the church of St Cyprian, and there the Christian burial-service was read over the king's body amid a congregation now become silent and devout.

John Prempeh, the king's son, took his place among the priests.

The coffin left the church, the Dead March of an alien people was played;

but as the procession set out in the pouring rain for the Royal Mausoleum at Bantema Old Africa spoke the last word. It was night when the brass coffin reached the mausoleum. Inside its gates no man other than the royal family and the priests and the executioners may witness the last rite and come out alive. So the gatekeepers told the Christian priests. But they were admitted to say a prayer.

The queen and the king's son knelt with them. Then they returned, and Prempeh the king was left with his own, no others witnessing his burial. Old Africa was alone with the shadow of this strange old man.

THE KGOTLA AND THE PEOPLE

BURNING THEIR HOUSES DOWN

An Extraordinary Case Before the Privy Council

EXCITING TALE OF BECHUANALAND

An exciting tale was told the other day to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

Five years ago Chief Tshbekedi Khama was installed as Acting Chief of the Bamangwato tribe in Bechuanaland Protectorate. Among his subjects were three jealous kinsmen of his predecessor: Simon, John, and Obeditse Ratshosa. In many ways they showed the new Chief that they flouted his authority.

At last it became impossible for the Chief to turn a good-natured back on the sulky ones. Questions had to be asked about the wife of one of the Ratshosas who had some Masarwa girls in her possession. We do not know what the trouble was, but it was important enough to make the Chief summon his Kgotla and ask the Resident Magistrate to attend.

The Bamangwato Parliament

The Kgotla is a Parliament. It probably meets in a mud-walled hut that has none of the majesty of our Houses of Parliament. But the Kgotla is in its way as important as the English Parliament or the American Senate, for it is a council chosen to speak the will of the people and determine their laws.

On this occasion the Kgotla waited in vain. No Ratshosas appeared. The Resident Magistrate went home.

The people of this tribe are divided into regiments which take it in turn to perform certain services to the community, and it was the turn of Simon Ratshosa's regiment to do some work on the roads, but Simon did not come.

Again the Kgotla was assembled, and the Ratshosas were asked why they had disobeyed the first summons. They had nothing reasonable to say, and as a punishment the Chief ordered them to lie down and be beaten.

Armed Rebellion

John tried to escape, but was caught. Simon and Obeditse refused to submit, ran away, and, returning with firearms, tried to kill the Chief. The Chief and two others were wounded, but not fatally. Then the attackers fled to their homes and barricaded themselves inside.

Chief Tshbekedi ordered the Ratshosas to be brought before him alive or dead. The angry people of the tribe had surrounded the Ratshosas' huts when the Resident Magistrate appeared, persuaded them to stop firing, and carried away the three Ratshosas as prisoners.

That night the huts of the Ratshosas were burned. Later the rebels were tried. Two were found guilty of attempted murder and sentenced to imprisonment. Now they have brought suits against the Chief, claiming damages for the burning of their huts.

Judgment For the Chief

But the lords of the Privy Council gave judgment in favour of the Chief, because it was clear that he had only ordered the burning of the huts after taking counsel with the Kgotla.

It is the custom of the tribe to punish armed rebellion by burning the house and property of the rebel, and after an attempt to murder the Chief among his councillors the Kgotla could do nothing but follow tribal custom.

The Privy Council was bound to uphold the Kgotla. It would have been a very different thing if the Chief had burned an enemy's hut as an act of private vengeance.

The Kgotla is the people.

THE BRAVE MEN OF BROCKLEY

A Monument After Many Days

THE STRIPLING WHO DEFIED THE GIANT

The brave men who died defending Brockley Hill never dreamed they would be remembered 1985 years afterwards.

Yet an obelisk recording their victory has just been restored.

Where the warriors made cripples the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital is now unmaking cripples. It stands on the battle site, and in its grounds is the obelisk raised to the British tribesmen by a Mr Sharpe in 1760. The monument had decayed and lost its Latin inscription, and the committee of the hospital has put it right.

How the Romans Were Checked

Why Mr Sharpe should have written a Latin inscription is hard to tell, for the Britons he desired to honour hated Latin as much as the laziest schoolboy. At the second Roman invasion of 54 B.C. Cassivellaunus was given command of the British forces, and it was on Brockley Hill that he wrenched a victory from Julius Caesar, and checked the Roman advance on Verulamium.

Cassivellaunus is the first dweller in Britain whose name finds a place in history. The Roman conquest was the greatest good that could have befallen Britain, but that does not lessen our admiration for the tribesmen who fought so desperately to keep their land free. It is good that there should be a monument to the stripling who defied the Roman giant.

GOOD NEWS FROM PARIS

Birmingham Please Note

Some of the best news we have heard for a long time is almost jumping off our table, in such a hurry is it to find its way into print.

Paris butchers have taken up the Humane Killer which Birmingham has refused to adopt.

This big step forward has been brought about by the R.S.P.C.A. and by Madame Gast, who is president of a French society with similar aims.

Ten months ago the R.S.P.C.A. presented 14 humane killers to those in charge of the Vaugirard Abattoir at Paris. They also supplied them with enough cartridges to last a year, on condition that the mechanical killer should be used for destroying all horses sent there for slaughter.

There were difficulties in the way. Neither the butchers nor the men employed in the abattoir were in favour of the new experiment, but a fair trial was given to it, and now the Humane Killer is welcomed by all. The Prefect of Police has issued an order that only the Humane Killer may be used henceforth in the slaughter of animals.

Representatives of the R.S.P.C.A. and other societies have been allowed to enter the abattoirs at any time during the last ten months, and their reports have been always satisfactory. They found the Humane Killer in regular use.

Blind prejudice, and nothing more, is behind the plea that this instrument damages the quality of the meat. The time must come when the old barbarous way of slaughtering animals will be a stigma on any town.

COPYING US

I have modelled my new Press Bill entirely on the British pattern. When I said in Parliament that I was only following the British example one deputy said "Oh, but Great Britain is a reactionary country." My reply was that I don't mind being reactionary if I am no more reactionary than Great Britain. The Prime Minister of Greece

THE GREEDY BEARS

President Hoover and the Speculators

By a Business Correspondent

We rejoice to see that President Hoover has just made a vigorous attack on those American speculators who perform what is called a Bear operation on the Stock Exchange.

The bear is the slang name of a speculator who sells a share or commodity which he does not possess in the hope of making a profit by buying it back at a lower price.

We have but to consider the process to see that this bear speculation is directly opposed to the public interest, especially at a time of national depression.

Spreading False News

In England also we have these bear speculators. Some of them have been making huge sums of money out of our public and private losses. They go to work to exaggerate every adverse symptom that arises, and they constantly spread false rumours and magnify bad news. If a report comes from Germany of an industrial failure the rumour is immediately spread that great banks are failing and that there is widespread trouble.

So people become frightened, sell their securities in a hurry, and play into the hands of the speculators who are waiting to buy back cheaply what they have sold at a higher price.

We must regret that it has been left to President Hoover to tell the truth in this matter. Here every well-informed person knows what is going on, but who denounces it? The existence of bear speculators is referred to in the newspapers, but their conduct is rarely denounced.

The Spirit of Suspicion

The world is suffering from a terrible lack of confidence. The confidence of men in each other will not be restored until they fully trust each other. It is a sad reflection that we live in a time when, after thousands of years of civilisation, the nations look askance at each other and men are actually afraid to make things or to deal in things.

If this spirit of defeat and suspicion is to be conquered it can only be by removing the causes of defeat and suspicion, and among those causes the one on which President Hoover has put his finger is very serious. We earnestly hope that voices on this side will be raised to say to speculators here what has been so faithfully said to speculators in America.

ON THE TOP OF THE JUNGFRAU

Scientists Ten Thousand Feet Up

Perched on a spur of the Jungfrau, ten thousand feet high, is a new Institute of Scientific Research.

It was opened the other day, scientists from many different countries attending the ceremony and perhaps having their first view from the Alps. Everything is here for research work on the effect of height on various botanical, chemical, and physical matters, and soon there is to be an astronomical section also.

The institute has been built with a legacy from a Swiss banker, who was also responsible for the funicular up the Jungfrau. It is thanks to this railway that it was possible to build the institute at such a height.

MIGHTY NHAPO AND HIS LITTLE BASUTOS

More power to the elbow of Mr Mighty Nhapo, says the C.N.

He is a Zulu teacher, with about 180 children under his control, most of them Basutos, and he is trying to make them all bird lovers.

There are some little Basutos who are ready to love a bird for its grace, its plumage, and its fascinating customs; and there are others, more stolid and practical, to whom he has to point out that birds are useful helpers. Birds catch the mosquitoes which carry malaria in some parts of Africa, and birds kill pests which attack the crops. Thus, by encouraging the young poets and teaching the young farmers, Mr Nhapo says he has "a good chance to put into school-children that they should have a great love for birds."

The Better Way

The majority of his pupils are bird lovers now, and will report another child for robbing a nest, whereupon Mr Nhapo does not punish the offender but explains to him how cruel it is to steal eggs, and how much more fun he would have got from watching the mother hatch and rear her young ones.

It is pleasant to think of Mr Mighty Nhapo on the other side of the world working away for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and spreading the spirit of mercy among the future rulers of hut, village, or clan.

He is not only doing a good turn to birds but to his pupils. The hundreds of bird books which have been written, and the new ones ever appearing, bear witness to the charm of bird study. Men have given up all their days to be bird watchers, and some have risked their lives to photograph rare birds nesting in dangerous places, while others have found some of their happiest moments in teaching wild birds to trust them.

Birds as Faithful Friends

Such a bird lover is Miss Adeline Bainbridge, who contributes a letter to the current number of Bird Notes and News. In her garden at Hassocks she used to feed the wild birds regularly and had many friends among them, including an aged crow who came for his supper of bread and cheese punctually at 6 o'clock.

She has moved to another home, and after a day or two the crow turned up. Had he followed her car on its ten-mile journey to Rottingdean or had he scoured the country till he found her?

Another lady who moved house found that the birds she had fed moved with her. The feathered folk are not only charming friends, but faithful ones.

GRANNIE BARGE'S GREAT DAY

A Flower For the King's Daughter

Grannie Barge has seen a lot of trouble, but she has not lived to be 76 for nothing. The other day she gave the King's daughter a bunch of flowers and got a dazzling smile for it.

The King's daughter had come to open an extension of the Queen Mary Hostel for Women at Westminster. Last year more than 53,000 homeless women were thankful to find shelter there, and friendship too. Most of us would say these women were too broken to make their way back to regular wages and a comfortable future, but the good folk at the hostel found situations for 1203 of them last year, and they hope to set hundreds more on their feet before many months have gone by.

When the poor women who lodge in the hostel found that the King's daughter was coming they made a collection to buy her a bunch of flowers, and Grannie Barge was chosen to present it.

Was it not worth while to be 76 for that?

TITANIC TRAGEDY

The Man Who Saved 705 Lives

WAITING 18 YEARS FOR A PRESENT

We had occasion to remember the Titanic the other day: now we have another reason—a happy one—for recalling one of the dramatic tragedies of the Twentieth Century.

The first ship to pick up the S.O.S. call from the Titanic was the Carpathia. Her captain at once gave the command to go to the rescue, and because of his promptness and skill 705 people were saved from the sinking ship.

The survivors, wishing to give the captain some memento, collected a purse to present to him, only to find that the Service rules did not allow this. The only thing to be done was to place the money in a New York bank to await the time when he should be free to accept it.

That time has now come, for Sir Arthur Rostron has retired from the Merchant Service. He was famous as captain of one of the Cunard liners, and many of us had forgotten that it was he who answered the Titanic's call. When the news of his retirement was known, however, he received a message asking him to go to New York to receive the gift owing to him for 18 years.

It seems a long time to have to wait for a present, but money on deposit at compound interest doubles itself rapidly, and the cheque handed to Sir Arthur Rostron was for £20,000.

PROFIT FROM A PUNCTURE

Gas Attacks on Insect Pests

While the bicyclist was mending a puncture his lamp was lighting the way to discovery.

The discovery was a new use for acetylene gas, which was leaking from his bicycle lamp. He had put the lamp by his side beneath a rose tree while he worked at the puncture. When he picked it up he noticed that the ground beneath the tree was strewn with dead insects and rose parasites.

A puncture and a leaky lamp—what could be more unlucky? A new way of poisoning the parasite by a gas attack; what a fortunate discovery.

The C.N. is a little doubtful on passing it on to the world, though in France the horticulturists are said to have taken it up with enthusiasm, spreading the ground beneath their plants with the carbide of calcium from which acetylene gas is made. Water is sprayed on it, and the rising acetylene gas does the rest.

In many English country places acetylene gas is manufactured on the premises of country houses to light them when there is no public gas or electric lighting supply.

It gives a beautiful light. The smell of the carbide of calcium when not shut up in containers is not so pleasant, and numerous inquiries are addressed to agricultural periodicals asking what can be done with the waste.

If it kills insect pests it will be a blessing, but the C.N. wonders if it may damage the soil or the plant.

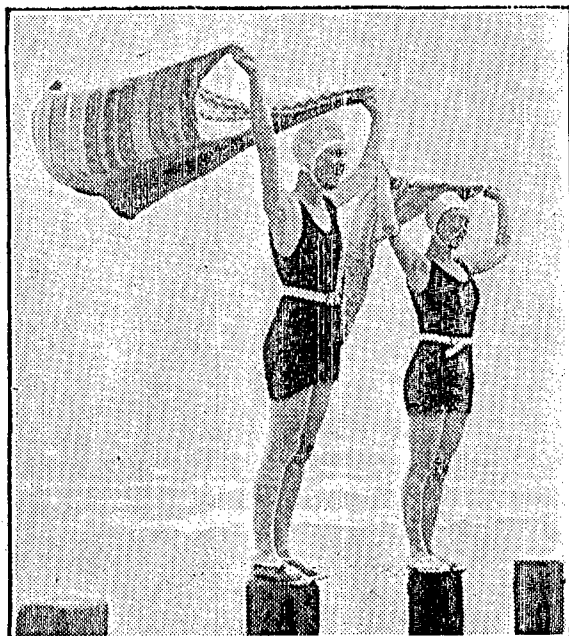
THE LABOURER'S HIRE

It has just been pointed out that very great differences exist in the wages paid to agricultural labourers.

In the neighbourhood of coalmines and factories their wages are much higher than in purely agricultural districts. The wages fixed by the Agricultural Wages Board are for Suffolk 28s a week for 50 hours in summer and 48 hours in winter. The North Lancashire wages, on the other hand, are 41s for 60 hours.

These are the lowest and highest agricultural wages in the country; others range between them.

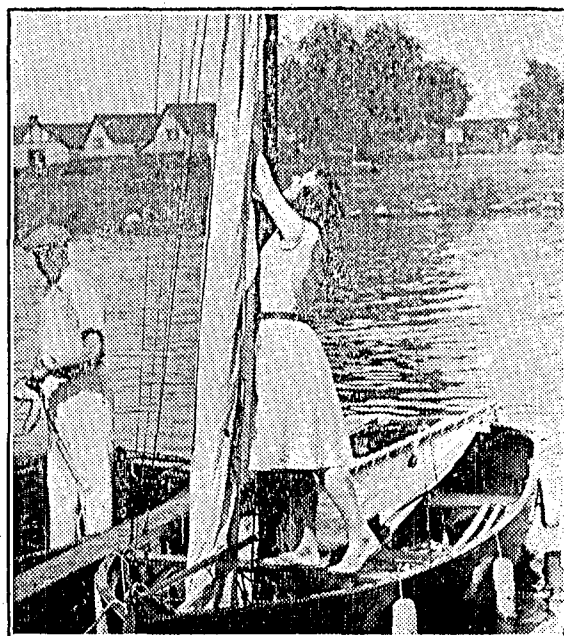
THE OUT-OF-DOORS PAGEANT OF THE GREAT HOLIDAY MONTH



A breezy morning at Bognor Regis



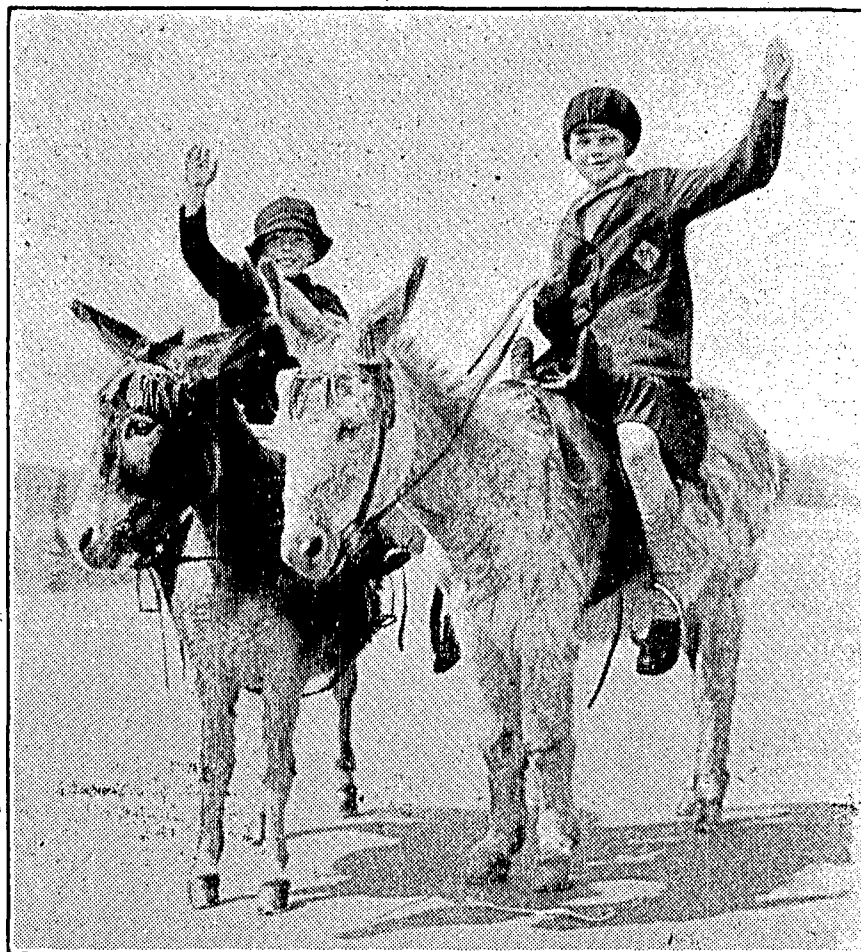
A ride across the sands at St Heliers in Jersey



A holiday on the Thames—hoisting the sail at Teddington



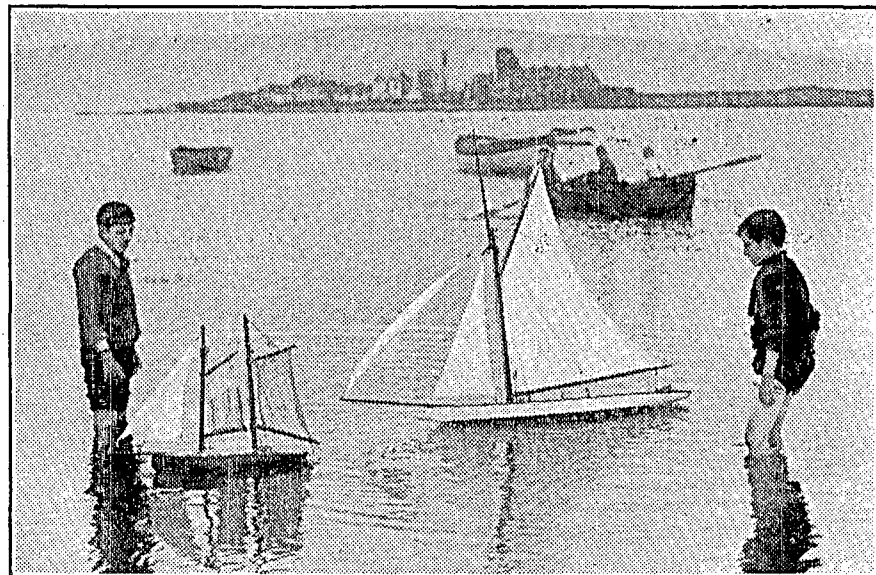
Helping hands in a Yorkshire hayfield



Old favourites on the beach at Clacton



Five little adventurers paddling in the sea at Margate



Two modern mariners in Larne Harbour, County Antrim

August is the month of the great exodus from the homes of Britain. With schools closed for the longest holiday of the year the big trek takes place from the towns to the sea and countryside where Doctors Sunshine and Fresh Air work their miracles on young and old alike. Our pictures suggest something of the spirit of this wonderful holiday month.

SPOILERS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

ROYAL ACADEMY TIRED OF THEM

The People Who Are Making the Face of England Ugly

THE MEMORIAL TO THE PRIME MINISTER

The Prime Minister has received from the Royal Academy a strong protest against the destruction of the countryside. The Academy suggests that steps should be taken in the Town and Country Planning Bill to safeguard the beauty of the country by calling in the aid of competent people interested.

We give these passages from the memorial addressed to the Prime Minister.

The destruction now proceeding at such an alarming pace of much of the charm and beauty of our country compels the Academy to make an urgent protest, and to express the earnest hope that effective steps will be taken to check the progress of this evil.

The country, for some years past, has been subjected to a wave of ruthless materialism and destructive commercialism. In many parts the face of England has been ignobly and irrevocably transformed.

Ugliness in Road Planning

Ugly, mechanical uniformity is rapidly displacing the varied and natural beauties of our land. Roads are planned with no regard for beauty, and in their making many harmless curves are straightened out, trees are felled, and hedges removed. Hoardings, advertisements, and unworthy buildings, often built of material foreign to the soil and climate, deface their frontages. Country lanes and ancient streets are widened and disfigured with asphalt paths, concrete kerbs, and petrol-filling stations. Craftsmanship has been superseded by mass production.

Much of the countryside is rapidly becoming urbanised in a crude and unregulated manner, despite the instructions issued by the Minister of Transport urging the desirability of safeguarding the amenities. Fortunately, however, the character of our land has not yet been lost or damaged beyond repair, and there is still time to save its essential beauty and distinction if immediate and well-considered action is taken.

A Word to Local Authorities

The Royal Academy is convinced that these disfigurements and others with which the integrity of the countryside is threatened are quite unnecessary evils, and are not to be regarded as inseparable from modern progress. There is a great need for public enlightenment and for a sensitive appreciation of scenery, and also for a use of modern scientific knowledge and machinery which will create new beauty and conserve as much as possible of the old. And here the responsibility rests with local authorities and Government Departments; for it is largely in their power to protect the countryside or to leave it to vandalism. The Royal Academy would press for better control of these matters, and requests that men of artistic vision and experience be consulted.

OUR DAILY BREAD

What It Costs In Many Lands

Particulars have been given in Parliament of the variations of the price of bread in various countries.

In Britain four pounds of white wheat bread cost 7d, in France over 8d, and in Italy between 7d and 9d.

In Germany four pounds of rye bread cost nearly 8d, while four pounds of white bread cost nearly 1s 6d. In Sweden four pounds of white bread cost 1s 6d and in Australia over 9d.

In Canada a four-pound white loaf costs nearly 1s 1d and in the United States nearly 1s 4d.

A VERY OLD PLAY

How It Was Saved in the Nick of Time

CECIL SHARP AND THE OLD YORKSHIREMAN

Cecil Sharp House, the headquarters of the English Folk Dance Society, has been humming with activity since it was opened last year.

One has only to glance at the summer programme for nearly seventy events to realise how many feet are being set dancing all over England's green and pleasant land.

Among three delightful entertainments lately given Londoners have had the opportunity of seeing the Ampleforth Play, one of the most interesting examples of those old dramas which survive in some form or other in every country in Europe. Scholars tell us that this play is a direct descendant of the primitive drama which gave rise to the classic Greek tragedies.

A Relic of Prehistoric Times

It certainly gave one a thrill to see this piece of life which has come down direct from prehistoric times. Only by the alertness of Cecil Sharp was its flickering flame saved from being extinguished for ever. He had heard people recalling this play, and went to Ampleforth in Yorkshire to make inquiries. There was one very old man, the village people told him, who was the only surviving member of the company of traditional players and dancers, but nobody knew his whereabouts.

After a long search Cecil Sharp managed to track him down. He was ill in bed, but was able to give in detail each man's part, all the acting instructions, and the steps and figures of the dance; and so this play was caught in the very act of vanishing for ever, to be one of the treasures of folk dancing to be handed down to posterity.

THE L.C.C. AND ITS CHILDREN

Keeping an Eye on Them

DO NOT BE A LITTER LOU

The London County Council has been worrying over all the mischief its children may get into during the holidays.

It has a very good idea what some of them will be up to, and before they scattered at the end of the term it called upon all the teachers to tell them not to do it!

These are a few of the wise warnings we hope all children will take to heart.

Do not trespass on the railway or throw stones at trains.

Remember the danger from traffic, and the instruction you have received how not to get run over.

Do not be a Litter Lou, or dig in grass areas required for cricket and other games.

Do not light fires in a wood.

The L.C.C. ends up with a list of all the things that must not be eaten, from yew leaves and cow parsley to toadstools.

It was a good idea to send round this warning, and we hope the children will set a good example to some of the grown-up Litter Louts and other people who were never taught how to behave.

THE BORSTAL MAN

Scores of young men will remember with gratitude Colonel Charles Rich, D.S.O., who is retiring from the governorship of Wandsworth Prison.

It was he who made some sweeping reforms when he was Governor of Borstal, and the best of them, perhaps, was the holiday camp. Well-behaved boys could hope for the fun and freedom of camping; it gave them something to work for and look forward to. It was good for body and soul.

Many a young man, set on the right road by Colonel Rich, will wish him long life and happiness in retirement.

YOUNG CANADA'S DAY

The Great Toronto Exhibition

This year the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto will be held from August 28 to September 12.

The exhibition is unique. It has been held annually for 53 years and is the world's largest annual exhibition.

The grounds extend to 350 acres; the value of the land and buildings is £4,000,000; and during the fortnight the exhibition is open the attendance is about two millions. The record attendance on any one day was 260,000.

Young Canada's Day at this exhibition is next to Christmas in importance to Toronto boys and girls.

What the Children May Do

On one day the children are admitted free. They roam to their hearts' content over the beautiful grounds, which have a mile and a half of water-front; they may enter as many of the big buildings as they can squeeze into, see the shows, lunch beneath the grateful shade of massive trees with the blue waters of Lake Ontario sparkling at their feet, watch acrobatic performances on three stages, and end up their perfect day with a gigantic fireworks spectacle.

Then they awake next morning ready to go again and again after school hours with father and mother, for, apart from the spectacular events which vary from day to day, there are the Baby Show, Dog and Cat Shows, the Floral Parade, the Horse Show, Fashion and Handicraft Shows, and all sorts of competitions they want to enter.

And they must have just one more peep at the Ontario Building, an unusually stately structure, erected at the cost of half a million pounds, where the fish, game, and wild life of the great Dominion provide delight.

Canadian Wild Life

Here they can see beavers building wonderful dams in little creeks; red and black foxes, bears, minks, coyotes, and wolves roving miniature woods; and they may revel in the sight of all those picturesque trappings of fur trader and voyageur which bring to the mind visions of birch bark canoes, isolated posts, and the romantic commerce in valuable pelts for which Canada first became known to the world.

Canada's Show Window of Nations, as it is called, is unique. No other place in the world provides such a yearly assemblage of industry, art, agriculture, music, education, recreation, horticulture, aviation, sport, and pageantry on a permanent site, in such stately edifices.

When the Window is dismantled and the buildings are closed the attractive entrances to Exhibition Park are thrown open to the public, and thousands avail themselves of the miles of pleasant boulevards and lawns where they may enjoy, free, for the rest of the year, the fresh breezes blowing off Lake Ontario.

SOUTH AFRICA'S WHITE POPULATION

The South African white population grows very slowly.

The new census shows for 1931 a white population of 1,825,527, which is 148,204 more than in 1926.

When we remember that the non-European population of the Union of South Africa is over six millions, and growing very rapidly, we see that the whites are forming year by year a decreasing proportion of the whole.

THE REAL COST

The real cost of armament is not the annual expenditure on ships and guns. It is the international unrest, fears, barriers, chaos, which armament helps to perpetuate and which is fatal to prosperity.

Sir Norman Angell

TURNING THE TABLES

MR GANDHI'S CAMPAIGN

Position of the Untouchables in the Future of India

EQUAL RIGHTS

The social customs of India will be going through a great change.

The worst custom has been the denial of ordinary rights of citizenship to the millions of human beings known as the Untouchables. In an article which appeared in our columns some weeks ago we pointed out how Lord Irwin, on seeing some of these unfortunate human beings drawing their drinking-water from a stagnant pool, ordered a well to be dug for them.

In many districts of South India these poor people have not been allowed to walk on certain roads even though they were public, and when walking on a narrow path they had to make way for a Brahmin who belongs to the priestly caste and is the guardian of the Hindu religious customs.

Law and Custom

The Government has done one great thing for these people by opening courts of law to them where they can get justice done to them for any physical or economic injury. Whereas formerly no Brahmin could be sued by an Untouchable (a man belonging to the lowest caste), now the British law recognises all of the people of India as equals in the Courts of Justice.

But the Government could not legislate on social and religious matters lest by its action it be accused of interfering in the customs toward which it must adopt a neutral attitude. However much a British official might wish to see a human being, though he be an outcaste, walking on a public road, or drawing water from a public well, or receiving education in a public-aided school, he could not enforce his will on the Brahmins, as he would at once be accused of interfering in the ancient religious and social customs of India.

The Indians of the present generation are recognising that the changes in the social life of India must be brought about by them. With the increasing association of Indians in the administration of their country and with growing political power the orthodox Hindus, especially the Brahmin priests, are becoming alarmed about their future position. Mr Gandhi, the leader of the Indian Nationalists, has openly declared that when the younger men come into the various councils they will see that the outcastes have equal rights with the others in every walk of life. If any Hindu teacher refuses to teach outcaste children in a school which is run by the State he will be dismissed.

Mr Gandhi and the Brahmins

Mr Gandhi has declared that the outcastes will be free to walk on every road. If the Brahmins object, they themselves will have to get off the road. If there is a well in a village the outcastes will be free to draw their water from it. If the Brahmins object, they can go elsewhere or have a well for themselves paid for from their own private money. In other words Mr Gandhi has told the Brahmins that they themselves will become the Untouchables in future. He has turned the tables on the proud Hindu priests, and is teaching them the lesson that God is no respecter of persons.

A BIG ORDER FROM RUSSIA

The well-known engineering firm of Marshalls, at Gainsborough, has received from Russia an order for 175 portable locomotives, to cost nearly £100,000.

The order is to be completed by September. There ought to be plenty more business of this sort to be had when Russia seems to be so badly in need of engineering machinery.

August 1, 1931

LIGHT FROM 50,000 SUNS

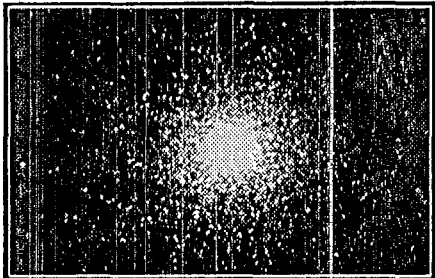
In One Small Area
of the Sky
MARVELLOUS STAR-CLUSTER
IN HERCULES

By the C.N. Astronomer

On any very clear, starlit night it is possible to see the light from over 50,000 suns descending upon us from one small area of the sky apparently much smaller than the Moon.

So actually there are 25 times as many stars in this particular region of the heavens as can be seen on any night with the naked eye over the entire sky.

It may seem scarcely possible that this can be so, but if a telescope powerful enough be used they can be seen, all scintillating and sparkling like in-



Messier 13, the beautiful star-cluster in Hercules

numerable particles of luminous diamond dust, bespangling the dark depths of space.

Radiating away into space on all sides from what is actually a colossal nucleus are suns arranged in curves and festoons, varied in colour and of various sizes; but all that are perceptible are very much larger than our Sun.

There are, beyond question, large numbers of others nearer to the size of our Sun, and unquestionably many thousands and probably millions of worlds revolving round them in this remote region of space; for each increase in the power of great telescopes reveals more and more marvels and still more suns, so that their number must run into hundreds of thousands at least.

We cannot see any of these suns without a powerful telescope on account of their immense distance, but we can see with the naked eye the blaze of light which they produce. True, it is only perceptible as a tiny luminous spot in an infinite ocean of black space, and then the night must be clear and dark without a superfluity of artificial lights.

It can, however, be easily found with the aid of the star-map in last week's C.N., for it lies between the stars Zeta and Eta of the famous Trapezium of Hercules, and is indicated there by its usual catalogue title Messier 13.

A 35,000-Year Journey

This superb star-cluster is rather more than a third of the way below Eta toward Zeta, and to the unaided eye resembles a misty star. But field-glasses or even opera-glasses will greatly help in revealing it as a luminous area with a much brighter centre.

It is most wonderful that our unaided vision can see even this much when we reflect upon the enormous distance this blaze of light has had to travel and the terrific void across which it has come, the light waves speeding continuously at 186,285 miles a second for 35,000 years before they reach us from this astounding universe of suns.

The photograph shows only the brightest and the giants of this glorious assemblage, large numbers being too faint to reproduce; the way in which the suns radiate spirally in streams outward from the centre is easily seen.

This is not the only example of such an assemblage, for upwards of 80 are known in all parts of the heavens, though they tend to group into certain regions more than others, showing that these vast universes are part of a still larger scheme of things. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

How the Other Half of the
World Lives

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN
ENGLAND

Number of Members—27,586

Very soon we shall be unable to say that half the world does not know how the other half lives, so much are times changing in this new era of international friendship.

From Manchester a C.L.N. member sends us an account full of interest of an exchange of visits between her school and a German school in Hamburg. This is only one of many visits of this kind which have been made between schools of different nations.

Eleven advanced students of Chicago University are now in England taking a very interesting course of study in town and country districts.

A Tour of Industrial England

Professor H. M. Leppard is in charge of the party, and members are visiting the towns of Middle Mersey, the cotton towns of South Lancashire, the woollen towns of Yorkshire, and the agricultural district in the East of our little island. They will finish the course by studying the iron and steel district of the Tyne-side and the Clyde. In particular they will watch how industry and agriculture are affected by natural conditions, and what they learn may be of use to other parts of the world. Later on Professor Leppard will go to South Wales to study the coal industries.

Before they go back to America they hope to attend the International Geographic Congress in Paris in September and some of the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at London.

And so the world goes on improving. Boys and girls can do much to help by becoming members of the C.L.N., which brings so many opportunities of making the world a more friendly place.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of
Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1

No letters should be
sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Mighty Nhapo and His Little Basutos
page 8

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is Vers de Société?

A style of poetry dealing with trifling matters in a light manner.

How Many Christians and Buddhists
Are There?

The number of Christians is estimated to be 682,400,000; of Buddhists 150,180,000.

Which Wheels of a Motor-Car Tend to Lift
Off the Ground at a Corner?

The wheels nearest the corner, owing to the force acting in a straight line forward being turned in another direction.

Is There a Race of People Called the
Phoenicians?

No. Coming from the Persian Gulf or the Red Sea area, this ancient people occupied territory adjoining Palestine, with Tyre as its chief city. They founded Carthage and other colonies.

How Do Flowers Obtain Their Colour?

From the seed. This consists of thousands of parts, called determinants, some of which, though they have no colour themselves, are able to make the colour proper to the various parts of the plant. In the long run the colours of the plant depend on the Sun, but the colour of the petals is not made directly by sunlight.

A LANDSEER PICTURE

LINK WITH THE FAMOUS
PAINTER

The Boy Who Was Saved
in the Nick of Time

AN EARL'S ADVENTURES

There are grey-haired folk among us who say nobody ever will paint dogs and horses better than Landseer.

There are young folk who have happy memories of a visit to Grannie's old home, and could not think of it without the engravings of Landseer's Stag at Bay in the hall, his Distinguished Member of the Humane Society in the dining-room, and his Dignity and Impudence in a place of honour over the spare bedroom mantelpiece.

We have just been reminded of one of the pictures of this painter.

Aboriginal Lords of the Land

Round the fourteenth-century towers of Chillingham Castle in Northumberland stretches a great and most beautiful park, the home of a famous herd of wild cattle. The Earl of Tankerville, who owns Chillingham, cannot boast of such ancient lineage as theirs. When Caladonia was a country of forests the ancestors of this herd were, it is said, the aboriginal lords of the land.

The cattle are handsome, but no better tempered than the bison, and once one of them attacked the fifth earl's younger son George Montagu Bennet. He would have been killed, as his horse was, but was luckily thrown and landed on the other side of a stone wall. The bull was afterwards shot.

Here Landseer had a subject after his own heart. He painted the death scene of the splendid savage and called it *The Dying Bull*. The picture hangs at Chillingham, and the boy who so nearly perished was father of the earl who has just died there at 79.

The Singing Earl

The seventh earl became well known as the Singing Earl because he used to sing at meetings held by the famous preachers Moody and Sankey. He was a painter as well as a singer, and once he was a circus clown. Some French officers had dared him to apply for the job, and he accepted the challenge.

Later, when he was in America, he was asked to a house where there were some jolly children, and while he was romping with them he turned a somersault over the sofa, which brought him to the feet of a lady who was a complete stranger. Feeling a little embarrassed, he apologised by saying that he had once been a clown. She said "One meets many clowns, but few are ready to admit it."

It was a lucky somersault. He fell in love with her shrewdness, and brought home an American bride.

JUSTICE WITH MERCY

And a Little Charm

It's not the nasty things he says,
But the nasty way he says them.

So ran an old comic song, and we were reminded of it at a musical festival the other day. Sometimes the judge had to say nasty things, but he took all the sting out of them because he did not say them nastily.

To a choir of little girls who were badly beaten he said: "Your rhythm was too slack, but I liked your tone, and I also liked your green dresses—though I'm afraid they can't count in the marks."

To another choir he said: "Your middle notes are very good, but you don't get good tone on the top ones. You are like me," patting his waistcoat, "all right in the middle, but (lowering his head) rather thin on top."

Everyone went home helped and happy. The charming judge was Mr Geoffrey Shaw.

DO YOU CLEAN
YOUR TEETH AT
BEDTIME?



If you go to bed without brushing your teeth every night you run the risk of tooth-ache sooner or later; and that is not only painful but also keeps you from being as well as you might be.

So, clean your teeth at least twice a day, morning and evening—evening is the most important.

IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

fill in and post the coupon below and a sample will be sent for you to use every evening for at least a week.

COUPON To Euthymol (Dept. S.T.A.3),
50, Beak St., London, W.1.

Please send me a free sample of Euthymol
Tooth Paste.

Name.....

Address.....

(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

WIN A
CAMERA

Your last chance
to win one of

25
FOLDING
CAMERAS

in a simple and inter-
esting competition is
announced on page 15.

Enter Now!
Do it today!

"Fine Score that!"



HE was well past the century before he was caught out. A fine score by a good player.

A piece of Wrigley's Chewing Gum in the mouth refreshes, keeps you alert during the game.

Wrigley's helps digestion, too, and cleanses the teeth. Chew a piece "after every meal."

In two flavours — P.K., a pure peppermint flavour; and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, but the finest quality money can buy.

The flavour lasts — British made



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ERRINGTON & MARTIN,

South Hackney, London, E.9. Established 1880.

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All applicants for my wonderful Approval Sheets and new List, who send 2d. postage, will receive this beautiful Set FREE. It contains 1911 issue young Shah head finely engraved, the 1926 issue, and the superb N.W. ISSUE printed in brilliant colours (this Set is usually sold at 1/6). Send addresses of stamp collecting friends and receive an additional set of stamps free.

H. C. WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, Barnet.

FREE! 10 Egypt.

Including old issues, Pyramids and Sphinx, native boats on the Nile, Sphinx head, the Colossi of Thebes, King Fuad, Service Stamps, etc. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 3d.).

ONLY ONE GIFT TO EACH APPLICANT.

G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.

MARVELLOUS STAMP CASKET FREE

Everything for Stamp Collectors, including Matlock Tweezers, Kristal-Klear Envelopes, Matlock Mounts, and Rare Horse-Post Persia (Cat. 1/6). The Casket has hinged lid showing in colour the highest English Precipice—at Matlock, the Home of Philately. It also combines a Watermark Detector and Perforation Gauge. Send 3d. postage, or, including Magnifying Glass, 4d. Ask for Approvals.

VICTOR BANCROFT (Dept. C.H.), Matlock, England.

KELANTAN PACKET FREE

A fine packet of all different Stamps containing a fine Kelantan pictorial, a handsome pair of French Morocco high values 25c. and 50c. large pictorials, set of 3 Siam 1930, Kenya and Uganda, S. Rhodesia, set of 3 Roumanian Azores, high value 40c. Travancore, latest issue of Egypt, etc. free to all enclosing 2d. for postage, etc. (abroad 3d.).

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CARNEGIE MILLIONS

WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH THEM

Five Years of the Wonderful Work of a Great Trust

BOOKS AND PLAY

If the Dole causes stagnation of enterprise the Carnegie Trust has exactly the opposite effect, for by encouraging self-help it stimulates effort.

The report of work done through the help of the Trust during the last five years, and particularly last year, is a record of nothing but progress.

It is good to know that some of the world's gold is circulating in the best possible way, and it is thrilling to think of the possibilities of this great fund. Down the centuries its work will go on from strength to strength. New needs are constantly arising as the masses of people advance, says the report, so the Trust helps, only those schemes likely to become self-supporting.

Village Bookworms

Libraries are quite at the top of the cheerful list of successes. In our County Libraries alone twenty million books a year are now borrowed, an increase of 18 million books since 1926, when the new county movement began to stir. Village bookworms will soon be as plentiful as blackberries. During this period since 1926 over £150,000 has been spent on about 230 grants to help municipal and county libraries. We begin to wonder how many books there will be in our little island in another hundred years.

Books, like gold, do far more good when circulated than if they are hoarded. This is the view of the Carnegie Trust. As well as creating an enormous number of new libraries it is bringing into circulation many hoards of rare and valuable books by persuading learned societies, research associations, and so on, to link up with the National Central Library. Thus treasures once difficult of access are now being shared and many good and inspiring influences have been let loose in the world. These small libraries have gained by joining-up. Last year ten of them borrowed more books from the Central Library than the large library borrowed from them.

A Great Event

It was one of the great events of last year when the National Central Library was formed from the Central Library for Students. Nearly £40,000 has been spent on it by the Trust. It is to become an information bureau with many expensive books which can be lent to libraries all over the country. Another event was the joining-up of three great library associations.

Some very important experiments, known as Regional Schemes, have also been made. The libraries of the four Northern England Counties have pooled their resources, and in the West Midlands all the important libraries are linked in the same way. It is heavy work cataloguing these union libraries, but one of the miracle-working grants of this ever-helpful Trust has made its work possible. Then the libraries of boy's and girl's clubs and of Scouts and Guides are steadily growing.

More Safe Playgrounds

Playing-fields and play-centres are increasing, and about 5000 acres have now been permanently preserved. Road accidents have been fewer since there have been more safe playgrounds. Last year the Trust paid over £30,000 in helping to establish 130 playing-fields, and about 70 play-centres were assisted by grants. The Trustees suggest that instead of beautifying patches of derelict ground with ornamental plants they should be made into play-centres.

Village halls are also increasing. Nearly forty loans and small grants have been made to encourage the building of these centres. Some of them

QUEER FRIENDSHIPS AT THE ZOO

Some New Arrivals

THE KITTENS AND THE BEAVERS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

New additions to the collection of tame Zoo inmates are a half-grown Sambur deer called Norah, a caracal lynx, and one more baby chimpanzee.

The baby, known as Sammy, is an energetic, sturdy youngster of three. He is exceedingly affectionate, and loves to be nursed and petted.

The caracal lynx has been kept as a pet, and is so tame that he mews like a domestic cat if ignored by visitors, and wonders why he is not allowed to run loose and attach himself to anyone who pleases him.

The Sambur deer Norah is just as friendly. She displays none of the shyness usually seen in juvenile deer, but hails passers-by, thrusts her nose through the bars, and demands to be stroked.

In the Beaver's Enclosure

The Beaver's Enclosure is the scene of one of the strange Zoo friendships, for every evening when the Canadian beavers emerge from their sleeping-quarters to feed they are visited by three lively domestic kittens.

These kittens are the offspring of a pet cat kept by the keeper of the Small Mammal House to get rid of the rats which plague the menagerie, and when the little creatures were old enough to run about they began to take interest in their captive neighbours.

Curiosity led them through the bars of the beaver's home. The beavers gazed at the intruders with indignation and contemplated attacking with their tails—and the kittens fled! But the next day they called again, and this time their hosts were more cordial.

Lively Little Friends

Gradually a friendship grew up between the beavers and the kittens, and now the beavers expect a daily visit from their lively little friends, allow them to play about their home and take liberties with their possessions.

Another queer friendship is between a mongoose and a British wild cat. They are next-door neighbours, separated by wire netting, and when these two animals were placed in adjacent cages the netting was doubled to avoid risk of accidents if they tried to fight. The precaution was quite unnecessary. For some days the mongoose and the wild cat were afraid of one another and hid in their sleeping-boxes. Now when all is quiet each may be seen pressed close against the wire which separates the dens, gazing amicably into the eyes of his peculiar neighbour.

The mongoose is tame and a well-known Zoo pet, but the wild cat is a fierce, suspicious creature ever ready to attack keeper or visitor.

Continued from the previous column

are even having baths attached to them. Music and drama now penetrate into the most stick-in-the-mud places, and classes in drama, choral singing, and folk-dancing have been tremendously popular in remote villages. Much good is being done by the new Rural Community Councils in public health work and so on. Health exhibitions have been organised and Anti-Litter Committees have been formed. The Litter Lout must look out.

In music and drama the Carnegie Trust has made history in supporting the People's Concert Society, the Village Drama Society, and many good theatrical companies. Everybody knows what has been done for the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells in London. Everywhere, indeed, we find the helping hand of this Trust. It is a pleasure to look at the map of our little island and see it strewn with the names of places which are indebted to Mr Carnegie and his millions.

August 1, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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LIVINGSTONE IN BYRON'S HOUSE Two Famous Men at Newstead

WHERE THE GREAT AFRICAN WROTE A BOOK

Much has been heard of late concerning Newstead Abbey, the beautiful old home of Byron, which has become the possession of the city of Nottingham.

But how many people know that it was once the home of a far greater man than Byron—no less a man than David Livingstone?

Seventy years ago its owner was Mr William Frederick Webb, a great athlete and hunter, who had met Livingstone in the heart of Africa and become much attached to him. He gave him a warm invitation to be his guest at Newstead; and when Livingstone came home, and wanted a quiet spot to write his book on the Zambesi, Mr Webb entertained him and his daughter Agnes at Newstead for eight months.

On a carved table in a sunny room in the Sussex Tower of the Abbey Livingstone laboured at his manuscript, and in after years he often referred to the restful time he had spent there.

A Delightful Story

The visitor who goes to the old Abbey should see the relics of the great African explorer. Chief among these are the peaked cap Livingstone loved to wear, which is such a familiar object in the pictures we have of him. Battered with use and stained with travel it was presented to Mr and Mrs Webb by Livingstone's children.

Mr Webb and David Livingstone were both believers in the possibility of making much of the dark races. There is a delightful story of the owner of Newstead which must have warmed the heart of his friend. Mr Webb, who stood over six-feet-four and had been one of the best swimmers and divers at Eton, was returning once from Africa when he was horrified to find that the captain would not stop to pick up two Lascar seamen who had fallen overboard.

"We don't stop the boat for Lascars," he was told.

"Then perhaps the captain will stop for a white passenger," he exclaimed, leaping into the sea.

The fact that he lived to tell the tale shows that the captain was put to shame.

THE LITTLE COLOURED CHILDREN

There have appeared in the C.N. several articles in connection with the selling of Chinese children into slavery. How many C.N. readers know that there is in South Africa a cruel custom of indenturing coloured children?

Coloured girls and boys are taken away from their parents at any time from their birth until they reach 16. They are indentured to any farmer who wants cheap labour.

During the time they are indentured they receive, as payment for their services during the first year, a few scanty clothes and such food as their owners feel disposed to give them. During the second year they are paid only 12s for the whole year, and during the third year 1s. This pittance is gradually increased, but never exceeds 5s for the year. This money is put into the bank. The farmer to whom a coloured child is indentured has full control over the child, and in most cases such a child is treated no better than a slave.

The Child Welfare Society has taken up this matter.

The total sum paid out of the Unemployment Fund in the last ten years has been £600,000,000.

A POSTCARD ROUND THE WORLD Another Record

The two men who lately flew round the world had the attention of millions of people fixed on them.

As far as we know, this is the only word that has been said of another world-circling record made about the same time. Quietly and steadily a postcard was journeying round the globe, and it has now completed its circle, a little battered and much-stamped, but triumphant.

The two flying-men need not be anxious; their record of nine days has not been beaten. The postcard took 120 days, but we must remember that it went a longer way round and only cost 10½d.

The Message

Mr W. R. Young, of Vryheid, Natal, is the man who thought of seeing how long it would take for a postcard to travel round the world. On it he typed this message:

The writer is attempting to mail this postcard round the world in the quickest possible time and in the order shown at the foot. The person to whom it is addressed will greatly oblige by cancelling the old address and inserting the next in order, at the same time stating the date of arrival at the foot of this card. On its return a photograph will be sent direct to the people stated and any postage gladly refunded.

Under this he typed the names and addresses of people in Sydney, Singapore, Manchester, Saskatoon, and Indianapolis.

From Indianapolis the postcard was returned to Natal, and we like to feel that Mr Young and the postman gave it a rousing cheer as it modestly slipped into the letter-box.

RUSSIA AND HER CRIMINALS Freedom and Reform

The claim is made for the Russian OGPU, as the police organisation of the Soviets is called, that it has inaugurated a system of reclaiming criminals which is a new feature in civilisation.

Serious criminals from all parts of Russia are drafted into a Labour Commune, allowed almost complete liberty, and trained to become working citizens. There are workshops and factories in which the people are taught trades, and the organisation is both self-supporting and self-governing.

It is said that several years of membership of the Commune usually make the criminal fit for ordinary citizen life, if he wishes to leave the Commune. The idea is that by giving the men conditions in which they can re-establish themselves they lose their bad habits.

OUR CARS Making More and More

A glance at the traffic on almost any road tells us that we are producing a greater proportion of the cars we use than was the case a few years ago.

While during last year 236,528 motor-vehicles left factories in this country, only 11,278 came from abroad. A year earlier nearly 38,000 were imported. We are sending more vehicles abroad, too, for in seven years this class of export has risen from 11 thousandths to 28 thousandths of all our exports of manufactured goods. Yet we are only fourth in the list of the world's exporters of motors.

Verily this is the Petrol Age, for last year our motors consumed more than a thousand million gallons. During the year 1929-1930 the Government received £15,000,000 in taxes from petrol, and nearly twice as much from vehicles.

What happens to all the old motor-cars? We wonder, for the average life of a vehicle is under eight years.

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THE BIG FIVE

CHAPTER 33

Monagan

MONAGAN was round and breezy and bluff, but his face was pasty, and he laughed too much.

It was not an outright laugh, but one with the mouth almost closed; not loud enough for a guffaw, too loud for a chuckle. And he carried this mannerism rather provokingly. He was, for instance, as Trytton learned, a fine cricketer, but when he was making runs, and making them quickly, he would look at the bowlers and laugh at them in that irritating way. A good swimmer, too, who won many races, he would even laugh like that, they said, in the water, when he had pushed himself into the lead and knew he could keep it. It sounded as though he could not help being amused at the ease with which he could do things better than other people.

He had said it was just a habit that he couldn't get out of. He had protested that it wasn't intentional crowing; then off he had gone again till his ribs were shaking.

They were shaking now as he went in pursuit, this cold morning, of two figures which had just emerged together from the Sixth class-rooms, and were making their way between the buildings to Palgrave.

The taller of them was Selwyn, the Captain of Palgrave, a grave and deliberate personage with a long stride. His companion was Wand, who had skippered the House football last season and in the summer would probably skipper its cricket. After them hurried Monagan, shaking his sides with laughter.

So when he caught them up and fell into step he couldn't speak until he'd recovered his breath. Then, craning his head across to look into their faces, he said:

"How are you feeling, Selwyn? Are you feeling better, Wand?"

Both looked at him with some fierceness and motioned him away.

But Monagan appeared not to notice the gesture. Prefects had no particular terrors for him; with any luck he'd have been a prefect himself. He never understood why he had been passed over, as he often told Cronshaw and Izard when they were talking. Why, look at Abbot, a tremendous chap now in the School House. Yes; and look at old O in the Sixth, and all that sort of thing, even in the running next year, perhaps, for the School captaincy, as solemn and as serious as a stuffed owl, but less than a year ago knocking about with themselves and ready for any rag. Then Izard would thrust his great nose out and Cronshaw smile ironically. "Yes," they'd lament, "we've lost old Oldridge and Abbot. We're like the three survivors of a brave barque, Monagan, left high and dry."

So he had little fear of prefects, or even of Selwyn; and when he waved him away for the second time he remarked, "But, Selwyn, I want to speak to you seriously. I don't believe it's your vests that are too tight; I'm afraid that it's something wrong with your skins."

"What do you know about our vests?" Selwyn demanded, moving his body uncomfortably as he spoke.

"Why, look how you're wriggling. And I saw you wriggling at brekker. And I heard you telling Wand that your vest nearly choked you. And, coming out of Chapel, Wand was as bad, and so were one or two others. So what I wanted to tell you really was this: it can't be your vests, it must be a skin disease, Selwyn. You know, I've an uncle who goes in for skin diseases."

"He can keep them," barked Wand.

"He specialises in them."

"You don't!" roared Selwyn.

"Oh, I only came to do you a kindness."

"Well," they informed him, "now you can make yourself scarce."

"Delighted," laughed he. "But I've warned you."

And off he went to share his amusement with Izard. "For," he declared, "I could tell you what's happened. Someone's been monkeying about with those vests in the laundry. They've boiled them and made them shrink."

"No," said Izard. "No chaps could get to the laundry."

"I don't say they could. But I don't believe I'm far wrong."

"I wouldn't," Izard said thoughtfully, "tell Selwyn that."

"Not likely. I wish I'd thought of the rag myself."

With which assurance Monagan took himself off to see how they were getting on with the track which was being prepared afresh against the forthcoming sports. A crowd was watching the men and on its skirts he

saw a small figure with hands in its pocket and coat rumpled up at the back.

"Trypton, I thought you knew better than that," he said, laughing. "Kids aren't supposed to stroll round with their hands in their pockets."

"It's so cold," murmured Trypton.

"Oh, keep them there, dear chap," said Monagan bluffly. "And now you're here I've something to say to you, friend. Just come along, will you. It's too cold to talk standing still." He steered Trypton off.

"Last term you asked me a question," he uttered presently, when they'd passed out of hearing.

"Yes," said Trypton.

"It was a question about old Mark?"

"Yes," Trypton repeated.

"You asked me whether he'd been superannuated, didn't you?"

"Yes," Trypton said, for the third time.

His companion patted him breezily on the shoulder. "I'd never heard such a crazy question," he uttered. "What was in your mind, my friend? Whatever made you ask it?"

"Someone," Trypton said guardedly, "thought that he hadn't been."

"Preposterous!" laughed Monagan. "What a mad notion! Preposterous! Of course he was superannuated. A jolly sound chap, old Mark. We people who saw the most of him miss him tremendously."

There were Izard and Abbot and Cronshaw and Oldridge, and, by George! myself. We were always about with your brother. I wish he was back again."

"He ought to have had his remove," was Trypton's reply.

"He ought indeed. A great shame he didn't. But I'll tell you why I reminded you of your question. I've been meaning to for a long time, but put it off. It was because I was a bit short with you that day you asked me. I was in a hurry, you see. I hope I didn't hurt your feelings, young Trypton."

Trypton shook his head.

"No, of course not," he said.

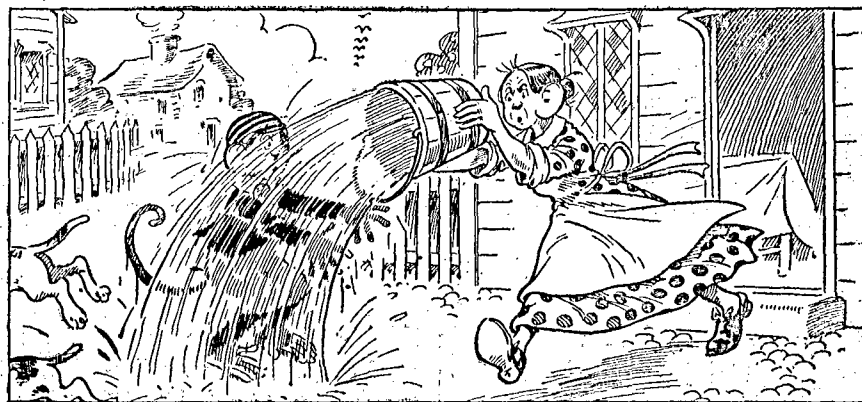
"That's right," cried Monagan heartily.

"So it's all off your chest! Splendid! Well, we'll toddle back to the others."

Trypton shook his head.

JACKO IS UNLUCKY

THERE never was anybody so unlucky as Jacko; at least, so Jacko said. Always willing to give a hand, and never getting so much as a Thank-you for his pains.



It was Jacko who got the deluge

When Mrs. Scrubbs, the laundry lady, failed to bring home the clean clothes Jacko at once offered to fetch them.

"Now, there's a good lad!" exclaimed his mother. "Run along, dear!"

Jacko ran. On his way he bumped into the butcher boy, who was playing with a jolly little puppy.

"He yours?" queried Jacko, giving him a friendly pat.

"No fear!" grinned the butcher's boy.

"But they all come after my basket."

As the basket happened to be empty at the moment the terrier transferred its affections to Jacko.

Jacko was delighted. Forgetting all about the laundry he ran off, the puppy at his heels, till he came to the common.

And there they stayed, having a fine time, for the best part of the morning.

It was only when Jacko, laughing

the puppy, scenting some new game, barking joyfully at his heels.

At the cottage door stood Mrs. Scrubbs's surly-looking Airedale, who welcomed them with a threatening growl.

The puppy, showing more pluck than caution, went up to the bully and asked what it meant by it.

There was a bark and a scuffle, and before you could say Jack Robinson they were at it hammer and tongs.

"Hi!" shouted Jacko, tugging at the puppy's tail. "Stop it, you idiot! You'll only get the worst of it."

But it was hopeless for Jacko to try to separate them.

Mrs. Scrubbs did the trick by shooting the contents of her pail over them.

The dogs dodged the water and fled in opposite directions.

It was Jacko who got the deluge.

CHAPTER 34

Oldridge

AFTER tea that same evening you might have witnessed the tortured and infuriated prefects of Palgrave struggling out of their newly-washed vests and getting into others with bursts of relief.

Wand was growling that his lungs had been squashed out of shape; it was like being imprisoned in a strait-waistcoat, he said. Selwyn remarked that he had never seen a strait-waistcoat, and didn't suppose he would till he went off his head, which he must have done if he'd stood that vile vest much longer.

"Are you," Pearson demanded, "going to ask what's been done to them?" He held his discarded one up. "Look at that!" he said viciously. "It might fit a five-year-old; but that's about all."

Hull contributed, "Monagan thinks it's the fault of our skins!"

"Yes, he says we've got skins that aren't porous enough," explained Webber. "I suppose he was talking bunkum?"

"He was," replied Selwyn.

"Well, are you or aren't you," droned Pearson, "going to complain?"

Selwyn gave him a stare.

"How can I!" he cried. "Our vests have shrunk in the wash, that's what happened. But I can't march into the laundry and tick off the laundrymaids!"

"You might try the Moggins," Hull counselled.

"Go to the Matron! I might, yes," said Selwyn reflectively. "But I don't quite cotton to the idea of getting the laundry into a row. If it happens again, that's another matter; but one doesn't fancy sneaking on laundrymaids."

"They ought to be made to wear these vests, that would teach them!" snapped Beveridge.

"Well, what are we going to do with the things, anyhow?" As Pearson said this, he crumpled his up into a ball and discharged it at Beveridge's head with violence.

Webber was a practical soul and sagacious.

"Send them home," he advised. "I'm going to send mine home and tell my mother it's tons too small; then she'll change it. She'll take it back to the shop and they'll give her another."

"Send them home," he advised. "I'm going to send mine home and tell my mother it's tons too small; then she'll change it. She'll take it back to the shop and they'll give her another."

"Not they! They'll say it's been worn too much!" answered the sceptics.

"You don't know my mother!" was all the answer required.

It is certain that Gosling was deeply disappointed that evening when he saw how comfortable his victims appeared. But next he began to ponder with some apprehensions on the steps, if any, which Selwyn was likely to take. The obvious step appeared to be to the Matron, so, like the far-seeing general he boasted himself, he detailed Trypton to lurk near the Matron's rooms with instructions to report at once if Selwyn approached them, and posted Pickles to keep a watch on Wand's study. Hammond and Bonner he told off for general observation, and Dumph he kept in reserve for eventualities.

On the Matron's landing was a big linen-cupboard, not far from her door and standing out well from the wall. Behind this cupboard on many a former occasion shufflers had been known to go into hiding, when they wanted to escape some impost.

Mounting the stairs very slowly Trypton now made for this; if he met any prefect on the way he would appear to be going to the Matron; if anyone came bounding up, overtaking him he could stoop down and tie his shoelace till they had passed. By this means he hoped to gain the cupboard unseen, that he might keep his watch on the Matron's rooms from its shelter.

He reached the cupboard and slipped between it and the wall with his head just peeping out enough for his purpose.

Minutes passed. The clock on the landing ticked solemnly. The Matron came from her sitting-room, and returned, and he heard her voice addressing someone within. Then a pallid youth trailed up for a dose and came out again, his steps receding noisily down the staircase. But no other steps came or went to break Trypton's vigil.

Then he sneezed. It came through his nose unexpectedly. And at the very moment a hand gripped his hair and a voice without any expression in it said "Got you!"

It was Oldridge. He had just stepped out from the Matron.

When he recognised his captive he paused indecisively, before he said, "Well, you'd better come along to my study." And thus, for the second time, Trypton found himself in that study under the scrutiny of that sedately impassive figure.

Oldridge's tight lips parted with their half-smile. Was he thinking how often in the old days he himself had hidden behind that same cupboard? His first words suggested this. For "Trypton," he said, "you juniors don't seem very original! That cupboard's a bit played out, you know."

Trypton grinned. But Oldridge said sharply, "Don't grin!" and his restless eyes went from Trypton's face to the wall among his football and cricket groups, and back to Trypton again. Then he uttered, "What were you spying up there for?" and the word struck Trypton with all the force of a blow, for it wrenched his mind back from that bagatelle of the laundry to set it once more in the midst of its heart-breaking task.

"Spying," he echoed in a strange tone.

"What makes you look so startled all of a sudden? You look more startled than when I caught you."

Trypton drew a deep, steadying breath. "Do I?" he uttered.

Oldridge's gaze went flickering round the small room. "Well, you needn't tell me what you were doing," he said. "But you can report yourself to Selwyn for being up there, Trypton, because you kids are quite aware that you mustn't play about on that landing. What sort of peace do you think the Matron would have if you chaps were ragging on her landing all day?"

"I see that," said Trypton.

"All right. Well, now see something else." Oldridge's eyes had gone to the door; they returned, and his voice dropped. "See if there's anything to be gained from gossiping in Batten's Yard?"

Trypton's heart gave a jump. He stood very still.

Oldridge was leaning forward. "Trypton," he said, "what good can you do yourself by raking out Fitch?"

It had come, then! Oldridge knew he had been to old Fitch! What more did Oldridge know? How much did he guess?

"Well, Trypton?"

"Yes?"

"And what are you saying to that?"

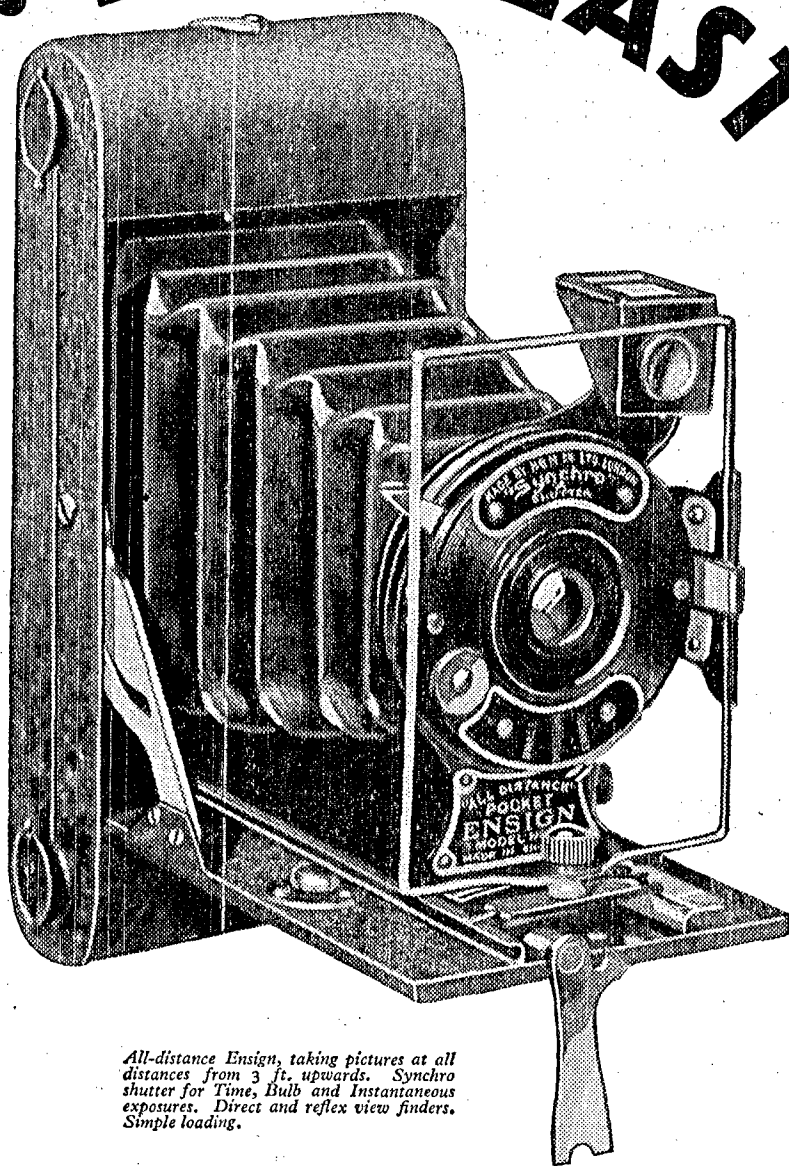
Trypton collected his thoughts.

"I suppose you are speaking in confidence, Oldridge?" he asked.

Oldridge said coldly, "Don't suppose anything, Trypton."

TO BE CONTINUED

YOUR LAST CHANCE, BOYS AND GIRLS!



All-distance Ensign, taking pictures at all distances from 3 ft. upwards. Synchro shutter for Time, Bulb and Instantaneous exposures. Direct and reflex view finders. Simple loading.

To WIN
a splendid All-distance
Folding Ensign

ANOTHER 25 OF THESE FINE CAMERAS
—FOR SNAPS OF BOYS AND GIRLS



THIS is the fourth—and last—of these fine competitions. Your last chance to win one of these splendid cameras—All-distance Folding Ensigns, which take close-ups as well as views. Never mind if you have tried before. - You have just as good a chance of winning a camera in this final competition as anyone else.

SO SIMPLE AND EASY

Any boy or girl under the age of sixteen can enter, providing they are eaters of Grape-Nuts. All you have to do is send in the jolliest snap of yourself you can find, together with your reasons, set out in less than 50 words, for liking Grape-Nuts. Two

tops from Grape-Nuts packets must accompany each entry. If you do not eat Grape-Nuts already, ask Mother to buy you a packet to-day. It's the most delicious breakfast food you ever tasted—wonderful for making you stronger and fitter.

These are the kind
of snaps that win
cameras. You have
some just like them.
ENTER TO-DAY.



Read these Rules before you Enter

- 1 Any boy or girl may enter, provided they are not over the age of 16.
- 2 Each snap must have written on the back of it, the name, address and age of the sender.
- 3 Each must have attached to it a sheet of paper headed "Why I like Grape-Nuts" and bearing at the top the name and address of the sender. The "reasons why" must not exceed 50 words in length, and must be written on one side of the paper only.
- 4 Each snap must also be accompanied by two pieces cut from the tops of Grape-Nuts packets, each bearing the printed signature "C. W. Post."
- 5 Any number of snaps may be entered, providing each is accompanied by two of these signatures.
- 6 The prizes will be awarded for what the judges consider the most interesting snaps. The decision of the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd. must be accepted as final, and no correspondence can be entered into.
- 7 No Snaps can be returned.
- 8 Proof of posting cannot be accepted by the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd. as proof of receipt.
- 9 Names and addresses of winners will be published in the "Children's Newspaper" and "My Magazine."

All entries should be addressed to "Snapshot Competition C.N.7" Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 38 Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, London, S.E.1, to arrive not later than September 30th.

Grape-Nuts

MADE IN CANADA

What is Grape-Nuts?

Grape-Nuts is wheat and malted barley in crisp crunchy kernels. It has a wonderful flavour all its own and is so nutritious, so rich in energy that you cannot help but play better and work better if you eat it every day. It is wonderfully good for your teeth, too.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Products, which include Postum, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Whole Bran

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 1, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Giles at a Sale

FARMER GILES took a hundred head of stock to a market sale and got £100 for his animals. The market prices that day for the various animals were £10 for cows, £3 for pigs, and ten shillings for sheep.

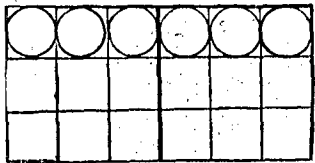
How many of each did he have? Answer next week

Cutting the Paper

A SIMPLE problem sometimes sounds difficult. As an example give a friend a sheet of newspaper and a penknife and ask him if he can cut the paper without making a hole in it.

Probably it will take him some time to think of just making a cut on the edge of the paper.

Linked Squares



THE line of circles represents a word meaning a very frail kind of trap. Find this word and complete each half of the diagram as a word square. Answer next week

A Rap

WE sometimes hear people say that they "don't care a rap" for something, but how many of them know exactly what it means? Raps were counterfeit halfpennies that circulated in Ireland in the 18th century. How the name originated is uncertain.

A Curious Word

THERE is an English word of seven letters the first two of which signify a man, the first three a woman, the first four a man, and the whole a woman.

Answer next week

A Horsy Riddle

HERE is a riddle which much amused me: What is the principal part of a horse? 'Tis not his nose, nor his hoofs, you can see; What is the answer? The mane part, of course.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



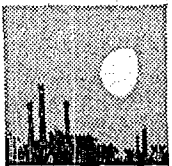
La fleur Un âne Le cheval

Admirez les fleurs du pommier. La patience de l'âne est infinie. On met un tableau sur ce cheval.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the East. In the evening

Mars is in the North-West and Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, August 5.



The Ancients Were Modern

FLATS. To live in a flat in town is often the ambition of people who have a liking for city ways, and so it was in Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, two thousand years ago. The flats there, built in blocks like similar ones in present-day London, were grouped round pleasant squares and courtyards and were furnished with pretty window-boxes.

The Two Nines

A THIRD of six behind them six, A third of six before; This makes two nines when all combines. Exactly fifty-four. Answer next week

Birds and Soft Fruits

BIRDS often do a great deal of damage to fruit in the garden because they are not content with eating a few fruits but spend hours pecking at large numbers.

They do this largely because they are thirsty. During hot, dry weather birds suffer badly from

want of water, and naturally turn to the juicy fruits. Recent experiments have shown that fruit trees may be protected against birds to a large extent by the provision of water. In various parts of the garden dishes of water should be placed. If this is done the birds drink the water and leave the fruit alone.

John Bunyan's Address

A QUAKER called upon John Bunyan in gaol one day with what he professed to be a message from the Lord.

"After searching for thee," said he, "in half the gaols of England I am glad to have found thee at last."

"If the Lord sent thee," said John Bunyan, "you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for He knows that I have been in Bedford Gaol these seven years past."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

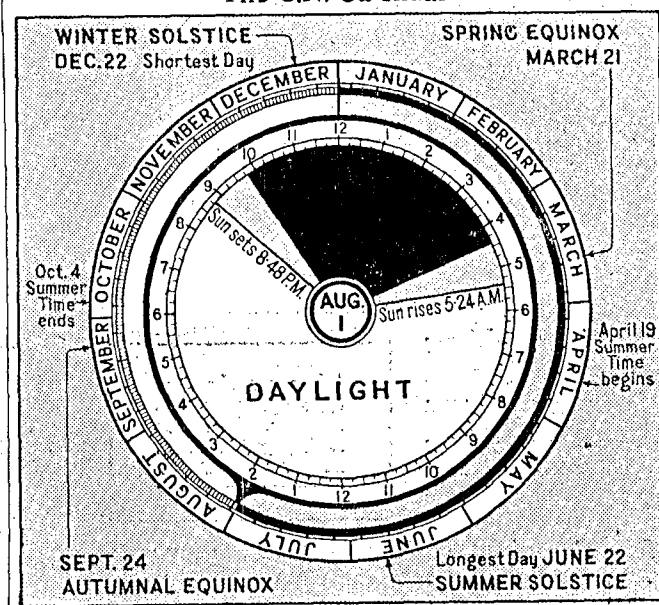
A Holiday Problem A Puzzle in a Puzzle
14 days at 14s CrACKer, tROwel,
a day-plus 14s STEam, crICKet—
is £10 10s acrostic

A Good Wish. Fare-well

THE C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

C	U	R	R	A	N	T	C	O	B	B	L	E	S
A	A	U	N	T	T	F	R	E	E	P			
V	A	T	O	R	O	C	I	E	L	A			
E	R	R	D	A	U	P	H	I	N	F	O	R	
R	E	P	E	L	S	I	D	E	A	L	S		
D	E	N	E	O	K	A	P	I	K	E	E	L	
A	S	T	E	R	N	T	O	S	I	E	R	S	
M	T	R	E	E	D	A	M	E	N	S	I	D	

The C.N. Calendar



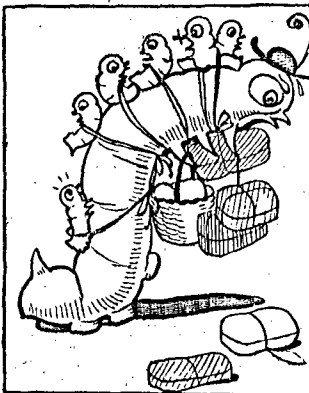
THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on August 1. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

Learning Together

HE was a recruit to the Yeomanry.
"Ever ridden a horse before?" asked the sergeant.
"No, sir," was the reply.
"Then here's the very horse for you," said the sergeant. "He's never been ridden. You can break each other in."

The Grub Family



A GRUB once marketing did go. She took her children with her; And oh! those children vexed her so That I, for one, forgive her, For she, when marketing was done, Just spanked them soundly, every one.

The Soft Man's Hard Life

THERE was trouble in the circus. "What is wrong now?" asked the manager of the India-rubber Man.
"Well," he replied, "every time the Strong Man writes a letter he uses me to rub out the mistakes."

And Then He Walked

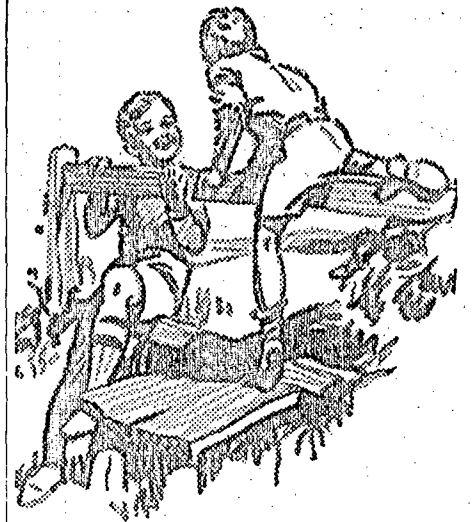
BLACK: Lend me sixpence for my tram fare home.
White: Sorry, I've only got half-a-crown.
Black: Good! I'll take a taxi.

An Old, Old Story

EM: A sense of humour? I certainly have it, and know how to appreciate a good joke.
EN: You do. I've heard you tell the same joke twenty times and laugh at it every time.

Selling a House

A MAN was anxious to sell his house, and mentioned it to some other men in whose company he happened to be.
"What is the house like?" asked one: "Can I see it?"
"Yes," answered the man, "if you care to come with me, but I have a sample here." And, putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a brick.

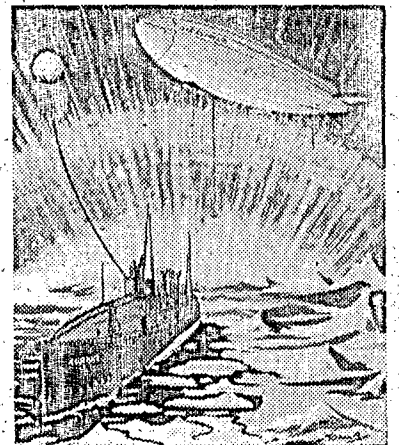


Boys will be boys—

HOVIS
will turn them
into men

The National Health Builder.

HOVIS Ltd., London, Bristol, Macclesfield, etc.



Above and
Below the
POLE!

The old North Pole is due for the shock of his long and chilly life . . . He is to be attacked from under his protective barrier of ice by a submarine, and from the air! An account of the most adventurous Polar trip ever planned appears in this week's issue of MODERN BOY, which is packed with thrilling stories and fascinating articles. Make sure of your copy.

MODERN BOY

Now on Sale - - - 2d.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

ONE afternoon in the holidays Jim and Mary set off to explore the smuggler's cave.

Old Gardener Grubbins had told them that it used to lead to an underground passage, which came out somewhere at the bottom of the orchard.

There was a lot of smuggling done in these parts in the old days, he had said.

But when they had asked him to go with them on their voyage of discovery he had laughed and tried to put them off. There were no smugglers now, he told them; the passage was dark and wet and they might very easily hurt themselves.

However Jim and Mary did not believe him, and now here they were, armed with candles

and matches, determined to find the smugglers all unaided.

They crawled inside the cave on their hands and knees, and before they had gone far it grew so dark that Jim had to light the candles.

Soon they came to a slimy-looking pond. It smelled horrid and their candles flickered.

Mary held Jim's arm tight as they picked their way across the slippery stones.

Then the passage became so narrow that they could only just squeeze through, and this time their candles went out altogether.

Crouching there in the darkness they suddenly heard a sound of muffled footsteps, and then a loud splash. This was repeated several times.

The young explorers were trembling with excitement.

"The Smugglers!" they whispered as they crept on, feeling their way.

Sure enough, as they turned a corner the passage widened out, and there in the dim light of a shaded lamp they could just make out the bent figure of a man. His cap was pulled down over his eyes and he was throwing what appeared to be small heavy boxes into a pool in the middle of the passage.

"Burying gold, I expect," muttered Jim, as they stood back in the shadow watching.

The boxes seemed endless. No sooner had one sunk out of sight beneath the water than splash! in went another. At last the man paused to

turn up the lamp and, afraid of being discovered, the children crawled back up the way they had come.

"I'm longing to tell Grubbins," said Mary. "He can't laugh at us now, because we saw the smuggler at work."

It was nearly tea-time before they found the old gardener, coming up from the orchard. As they ran to meet him he said:

"Tha can go down yon smuggler's cave now if tha wants to. It's taken me the whole afternoon a-fillin' up that pond wi' old bricks for 'e. It was that deep that you bairns would have surely drowned if you'd ha' gone along afore."

Jim and Mary never talk about smugglers now.

THE MYSTERIOUS SMUGGLER